

★PHOTOPLAY

GOLD MEDAL



AWARDS ISSUE!

March

15¢

Announcing
MOST
POPULAR
STARS

Complete Results
Nation-wide Poll



P 2-52 2Y R 152542 G
MRS C SLOSBERG
11 EVELAND RD
BROOKLINE 46 MASS

WINNER
BUTTON

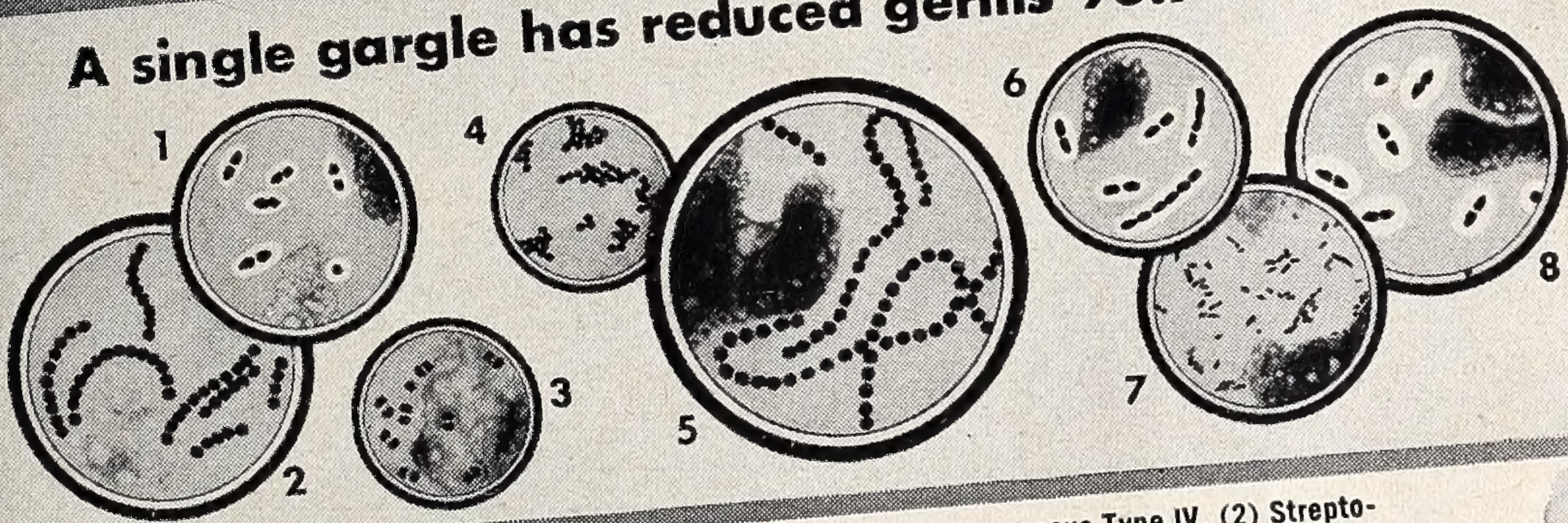


Modess *because*

Catching Cold?

Throat Sore?

A single gargle has reduced germs 96.7% in tests



Among the **SECONDARY INVADERS** are the following: (1) *Pneumococcus* Type IV, (2) *Streptococcus viridans*, (3) *Micrococcus catarrhalis*, (4) *Staphylococcus aureus*, (5) *Streptococcus hemolyticus*, (6) *Friedlander's bacillus*, (7) *Bacillus influenzae*, (8) *Pneumococcus* Type III.

Gargle Listerine Antiseptic-Quick!

attacks infection directly, safely

WHATEVER ELSE YOU DO, call on Listerine Antiseptic at the first sign of a snuffle or scratchy throat. Its effectiveness and its safety are a matter of record.

This prompt precaution, taken early and often, may nip colds or sore throats due to colds in the bud, or lessen their severity, once started.

That is because Listerine Antiseptic goes directly to the seat of the trouble . . . threatening bacteria, called Secondary Invaders, growing on mouth

and throat surfaces.

Listerine kills them by millions . . . attacks them before they attack you . . . helps keep them from invading the tissue to cause miserable cold symptoms.

Listerine Antiseptic is no Johnny-come-lately in the field of cold therapy . . . no strong miracle drug that promises overnight results. A twelve-year period of clinical testing showed fewer colds, and generally milder colds, for its twice-a-day users than

for those who did not gargle.

And Listerine Antiseptic is absolutely safe . . . *even for children*. No dangerous side-effects. No drowsiness. No blurred vision. No dizziness. Because Listerine Antiseptic *does not enter the blood stream*. It works only externally . . . directly attacks germs that cause so much of a cold's misery.

So, at the first sign of trouble, it's Listerine Antiseptic . . . Quick!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Famous Cover Girl Constance Bringham says:

"My 'camera curls'
have to be free of
ugly split ends!"

That's why I always set my hair with

De Long

the bob pin
with the stronger,
smoother grip



For lovelier, longer-lasting hair-do's,
rely on De Long bob pins.
Their stronger grip assures you of
long-lasting curls. They're smoother,
too... protect you from ugly,
broken ends. Try De Long today.
Find out why they're the favorites
of the "smart set" everywhere.



You're always "set" with De Long Hair Pins •
Curl Setting Pins • Safety Pins • Hooks and Eyes •
Pins • Hook and Eye Tapes • Sanitary Belts

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE - GOERS FOR 39 YEARS

PHOTOPLAY

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"The Greatest Show on Earth"
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Together and Terrific!

LANA AND THE FORMER STAR OF "SOUTH PACIFIC"

and Technicolor too!



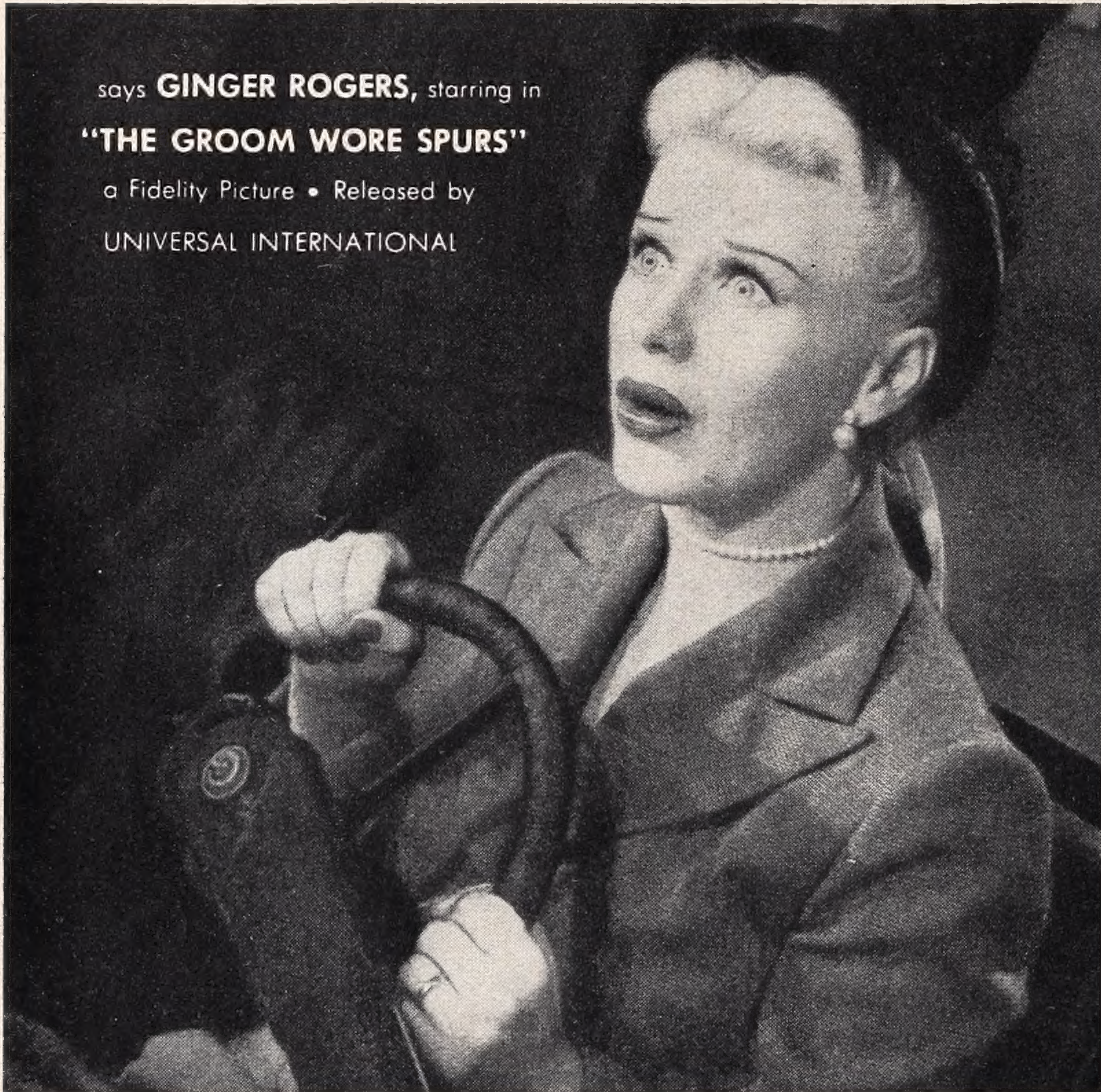
Here he is! The most romantic personality of our time! Now you can see him making love to Lana...and hear his million-dollar voice!

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LANA TURNER
MR. IMPERIUM
MARJORIE MAIN • BARRY SULLIVAN
SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE
Color by *Technicolor*
Screen Play by EDWIN H. KNOFF and DON HARTMAN
From the play by EDWIN H. KNOFF
Directed by DON HARTMAN • Produced by EDWIN H. KNOFF
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

What an exciting, electrifying team!
Only M-G-M could
make this entertainment
dream come true!

"I cracked up the same plane 10 times!"

says **GINGER ROGERS**, starring in
"THE GROOM WORE SPURS"
a Fidelity Picture • Released by
UNIVERSAL INTERNATIONAL



"We **retook** the plane crash for 'The Groom Wore Spurs' ten times. The director made me twist and turn the wheel 'til my hands were stinging red!"



And roping 'the villain' was tough on my hands again...



But I smoothed them with soothing Jergens Lotion...



It kept them soft and lovely for romantic closeups!"



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To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion. It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat the skin with oily film.

Prove it with this simple test described above...

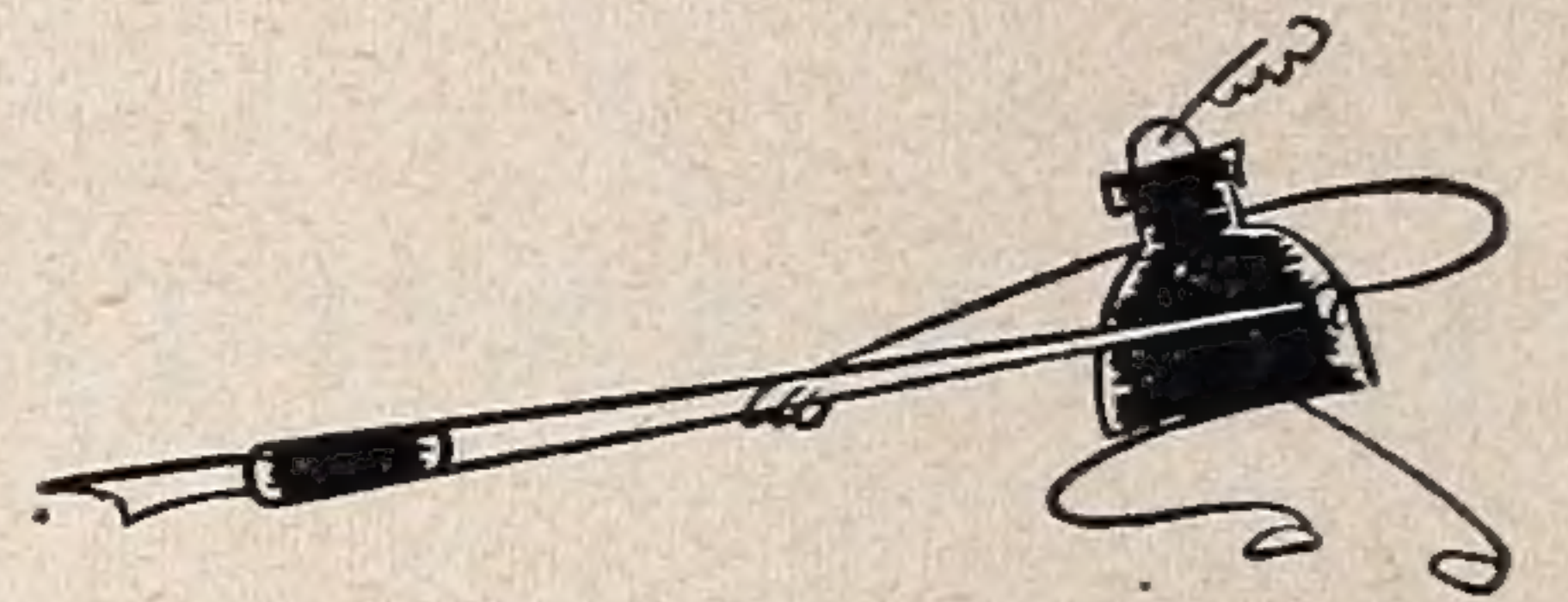


You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

STILL 10c TO \$1.00 (PLUS TAX)

Readers Inc.



Look Alikes:

I've been wondering why no one has noticed the striking resemblance between Susan Hayward and Piper Laurie. They would make a wonderful "sister" team or perhaps "mother and daughter."

MRS. KATHLEEN JOHNSON
Shawnee, Okla.



Susan Hayward



Piper Laurie

(Here they are—judge for yourself.)

Cheers and Jeers:

I don't see why all the girls are drooling over Farley Granger when there's someone like Rock Hudson around.

PATSY ARTIN
Drexel Hill, Pa.

While reading Photoplay's story on Marlon Brando (Dec.) I discovered it said he was going to take diction lessons.

Please, Mr. Brando, don't. I saw "The Men" twice and the thing I enjoyed most was Marlon Brando's "ordinary" diction. He sounded just like any person you'd meet or know—not like these Hollywood stars with their "perfect" speech.

BARBARA OCILAK
Clifton, N. J.

Please tell me why so many Western films are being made. When we get fed up with them on Television and do head for a "good" movie, we find a couple more, so we just go home. We can watch them at home and be comfortable.

SALLY RILEY
Lynwood, Cal.

"Comanche Territory" certainly didn't do justice to its stars. Hollywood should be more careful about its mistakes. Anyone with an ounce of horse sense doesn't muddy up a creek by riding through it, then turn around to let his horse drink.

BETTY JOHNSON
Houston, Tex.

We have just seen "Let's Dance." The lead role would have been a natural for Gene Kelly. Astaire doesn't possess the ability or sincerity to portray the role. As a "lover," he is a "ham."

DONNA AND FRITZ
Sioux City, Iowa

I just got back from seeing "All About Eve" and I thought it was horrible. All they did was argue back and forth.

MARJIE BRADBURY
Headquarters, Idaho

(Continued on page 6)

"Get off
the streets
Angela
Vetto!"

IT WAS THE
ENFORCER SPEAKING ...
THE DOUBLE-FISTED DISTRICT
ATTORNEY WHO MATCHED
HIMSELF AGAINST A NATION-WIDE
EMPIRE OF "KILLERS-FOR-HIRE".

THIS WAS HIS CRUCIAL MOMENT--
THE ONE LAST THING--TO SAVE
THE SINGLE LIVING WITNESS THE
UNDERWORLD WAS SWORN TO GET!

*The real hero of this story is not Humphrey Bogart...
it is every fighting District Attorney in the land!*

HUMPHREY

BOGART

AS

"THE ENFORCER"

PRESENTED BY **WARNER BROS.**

DIRECTED BY BRETAGNE WINDUST • PRODUCED BY MILTON SPERLING • UNITED STATES PICTURES PROD • DISTRIBUTED BY WARNER BROS.

WITH ZERO MOSTEL • TED de CORSIA • ROY ROBERTS • EVERETT SLOANE • WRITTEN BY MARTIN RACKIN



THE MOST
VICIOUS
WORDS
IN
CRIMEDOM
and Angela
learned
them all!

'CONTRACT': an order for
a killing
'HIT': a murder
victim
'TROOP': the local
murder mob
'FINGER': he sets up
the 'hit'



I dreamed I broke the bank at Monte Carlo in my maidenform bra

I'm leading a charmed life... Who ever dreamed of winning such a figure! Looks like a million... and so do I, with Maidenform* to shape my future. Lucky, lucky me... now I'm supported in fabulous style. Shown: Maidenform's Chansonette* in white satin; also available in nylon marquisette and sheer, and broadcloth... from 2.00. Send for free style booklet, Maidenform, N. Y. 16. There is a maidenform for every type of figure



Costume: Mago Hayes Jewelry: Kramer *Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © 1951, Maiden Form Brassiere Company, Inc.

(Continued from page 4)

Sic Transit Gloria:

Everyone I have spoken to thinks Gloria Swanson's performance in "Sunset Boulevard" was disgusting. How can the critics think of giving her the Academy Award? If she does receive it, it will be out of sympathy.

MARILYN MILLER
College Point, N. Y.

I saw the great movie "Sunset Boulevard" and thought Gloria Swanson was terrific. She should certainly receive the Academy Award for her outstanding performance in this wonderful picture.

DOT WILLIAMS
Encino, Cal.

Casting:

Let's see Janet Leigh, Jane Russell and Marie Wilson in a picture together—and call it "The Battle of the Bulge." It would sure give us G. I.'s something to take our minds off things.

S/SGT. JOHN MORAN
APO San Francisco, Cal.

There has been a lot of arguing pro and con as to who is the biggest rage of the new young stars. So why not cast Farley Granger, Tony Curtis, John Derek and Audie Murphy in one picture and let them fight it out among themselves.

MARGE KELLY
Boston, Mass.

Question Box:

In the December issue of your wonderful magazine I noticed a letter from Margie Fritsch of Louisville, Ky., asking if Vera-Ellen sang her own songs in "Three Little Words"—to which you replied yes. Didn't Anita Ellis double for Vera-Ellen in this picture?

PATSY TOBIN
Quebec City, Canada

(Yes, Anita Ellis's voice was dubbed in for Vera-Ellen's. We apologize.)

I have just seen "Hamlet" and "The Blue Lagoon" and I think Jean Simmons is one of the prettiest young actresses I have ever seen. Would you please give me some information about her?

DIANA BACELLI
Harrisburg, Pa.

(Jean Simmons was born in London 1/31/29. She has hazel eyes, brown hair, is 5'4½", 118 lbs. She married Stewart Granger 12/20/50. She made her film debut in England in 1942; next in "So Long at the Fair.")

Could you please tell me something about the boy who played Dominic in "Breakthrough"?

GERRY PRESCOTT
Santa Barbara, Cal.

(He is William Campbell, born in Newark, New Jersey, 10/30/26. He has hazel eyes, black hair, is 6' tall, 170 lbs., unmarried. Next in "Operation Pacific," he's under contract to Warners.)



Address letters to this department to Readers Inc., Photoplay, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y. However, our space is limited. We cannot therefore promise to publish, return or reply to all letters received.

*'The one Sin no Woman
ever forgives'*

HE strayed...
and he paid!
SHE saw to that!

JACK H. SKIRBALL and BRUCE MANNING
present

BETTE DAVIS
BARRY SULLIVAN

in

Payment on Demand

with

JANE COWL • BETTY LYNN • FRANCES DEE

Produced by JACK H. SKIRBALL • Directed by CURTIS BERNHARDT • Written by BRUCE MANNING and CURTIS BERNHARDT





Pair of aces: Two Douglases chat on location of "Ace in the Hole." Paul flew to New Mexico to see wife Jan Sterling, Kirk's leading lady

It's the Truth That: Ava Gardner's dinner dates with Pat De Cicco at the "Little Naples" cafe are perfectly harmless, because Pat is Frank Sinatra's good friend . . . Golf champ Ben Hogan isn't too pleased with the way he's being portrayed by Glenn Ford in "Follow the Sun" and there's tension on the set . . . No extra bed was available, so Joan Crawford curled up and slept in a hospital chair the night before her twins had their tonsils out . . . Alan Ladd, who's had the most sensational publicity campaign in Hollywood, has now hired his own personal press agent . . . Sharman Douglas has confided to friends that Peter Lawford says he has no intention of marrying her, or anyone . . . Victor Mature wants RKO to advertise the picture he's making with Jane Russell as—"The Torso and the More-so"!

Ridiculous Rumors: That Kathryn Grayson is divorcing Johnny Johnston because she hopes to marry Mario Lanza. With a new baby girl in their household, the Lanzas couldn't be happier. Katie's heart belongs to her music . . . That Patricia Neal was dropped by Warners because of a rumored romance with Gary Cooper, who recently admitted his marriage to Rocky Cooper was experiencing difficulties. The truth is, Pat's contract called for a huge hike in salary which she refused to forfeit when the studio suggested it at option time. Every



Debbie Reynolds, who's being groomed to fill Judy Garland's spot at M-G-M, grooms friend Betty Kennedy's hair. Betty is music girl at the studio



School's out for the day—so first-grader Cheryl visits mother, Lana Turner, on set of "Mr. Imperium"

INSIDE



Old friends Vera-Ellen and Peter Lawford almost missed greeting each other in Hollywood. A few days after Vera returned from picture-making in England, Peter took off for Australia on loan-out to Twentieth for "Kangaroo"

STUFF

CAL YORK'S
GOSSIP OF
HOLLYWOOD

This 1-Minute Test Proves That—
PEPSODENT
gets your teeth
BRIGHTER BY FAR!



**YES,
 BRIGHTER THAN
 THE AVERAGE OF
 ALL OTHER LEADING
 TOOTH PASTES
 COMBINED!**

Make this 1-Minute Test, today! Run your tongue over your teeth. Feel that filmy coating? Now brush with film-removing PEPSODENT for 1 minute. Repeat the tongue test. Notice how much cleaner your teeth feel? Your mirror will show you how much brighter they look! Only PEPSODENT with IRIUM has this film-removing formula. Remember: Brighter teeth are cleaner teeth—and less susceptible to decay!*

**For that Pepsodent Smile—
 Use Pepsodent every day
 —see your dentist
 twice a year.**



If you prefer
 powder, the answer is . . .
PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER.
 It contains IRIUM and Pepsodent's
 brighter-polishing ingredients.



INSIDE STUFF



Sharing spotlight at Mocambo with Vic Damone is M-G-M find, Gianna Canale

other studio has offered to pay her what she's worth but Twentieth, anxious to get her special kind of glamour, got her name on a contract.

Behind the Camera: Cal arrived on the "Rich, Young and Pretty" set, just as Jane Powell and Vic Damone were about to do a love scene. The bell rang, the cameras rolled, Vic poured forth his passionate plea. Suddenly a strange expression came into Janie's eyes, she put her hand up to her head and tried her best to smile. When she started to swoon, naturally we thought it was all part of the plot, until the make-up man dashed in. He caught the future little mama up in his arms just as everything went black. No more pictures for Janie until after the baby has arrived, says her studio.

It Seems to Cal That: Franchot Tone doesn't deserve the notoriety provoked by ex-wife Jean Wallace, whose current caper was suing (she lost) to gain custody of their two sons. When he married the former Paramount stock actress, not only did Franchot buy his bride a well-staffed home in Holmby Hills, he invited her mother, brother and little sister to live with them, too. Later he became little sister's legal guardian and raised her as his own daughter. There are always two sides but somehow in return for his kindness to Jean and her family, Franchot does seem deserving of a better break.

Stitch in Time: Maybe there's method in Warners' madness in taking Gordon MacRae's suggestion and signing Lucille Norman to a long term deal. If their number one songbird, Doris Day, decides to quit pictures (as some say she may) radiant radio singer Lucille would be a logical lady to fill Dodo's famous boots. In her screen test Lucille photographed like two million bucks, but in the acting department she's no Bette Davis. But then, neither was Bette when she first started!

New Twos: Joan Evans and Robert Patten looking heavenly happy at Harry Lewis's "Hamburger Hamlet" on the Sunset Strip . . . Ann Blyth and Scott Brady going to church on Sunday and out to dinner on Monday . . . Robert Sterling carrying Nancy Sinatra's books home from school. She's taking a course in music appreciation, which is a bit ironical, to say the least!

(Continued on page 12)

*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alkyl Sulfate.

Which girl has the natural curl... and which girl has the Toni?



Meet lovely Jane Cartwright and Nellie Jane Cannon of New York City. The Toni girl says, "My wave not only looks natural but it requires no more care than naturally curly hair." Can you tell the naturally curly hair from the Toni wave? See answer below.

Now Toni with Permafix guarantees a wave you
can't tell from naturally curly hair

Look closely! Compare the silky-softness—the deep rippling waves and the lovely, natural-looking curls. Which is which? You just can't tell! No—you can't tell a Toni wave from naturally curly hair. That's because Toni has the gentlest waving lotion known . . . plus a new wonder neutralizer, Permafix, that actually conditions your hair . . . leaves your wave soft and natural from the *very first day*. And your Toni with Permafix lasts longer—*far* longer.

Remember, Toni is used by more women than all other home permanents combined. Only Toni has the new wonder neutralizer, Permafix. And only Toni guarantees a wave you can't tell from naturally curly hair.

Have a Toni with Permafix today and *tonight* discover how thrilling it is to have a wave so silky soft, so naturally lovely, people *ask* you if you have naturally curly hair! Jane Cartwright, the lovely blonde, has the Toni.



Hair styles by Don Rito

Which Twin Has The Toni? Compare Eleanor Fulstone's Toni (at the left) with her sister Jeanne's beauty shop permanent, and you'll agree that even the most expensive wave can't surpass the natural beauty of a Toni.

TONI REFILL ONLY \$1



Toni the wave you can't tell
from naturally curly hair!



"Easy"

says

**Joan
Caulfield**



How to Lose Weight and Look Lovelier

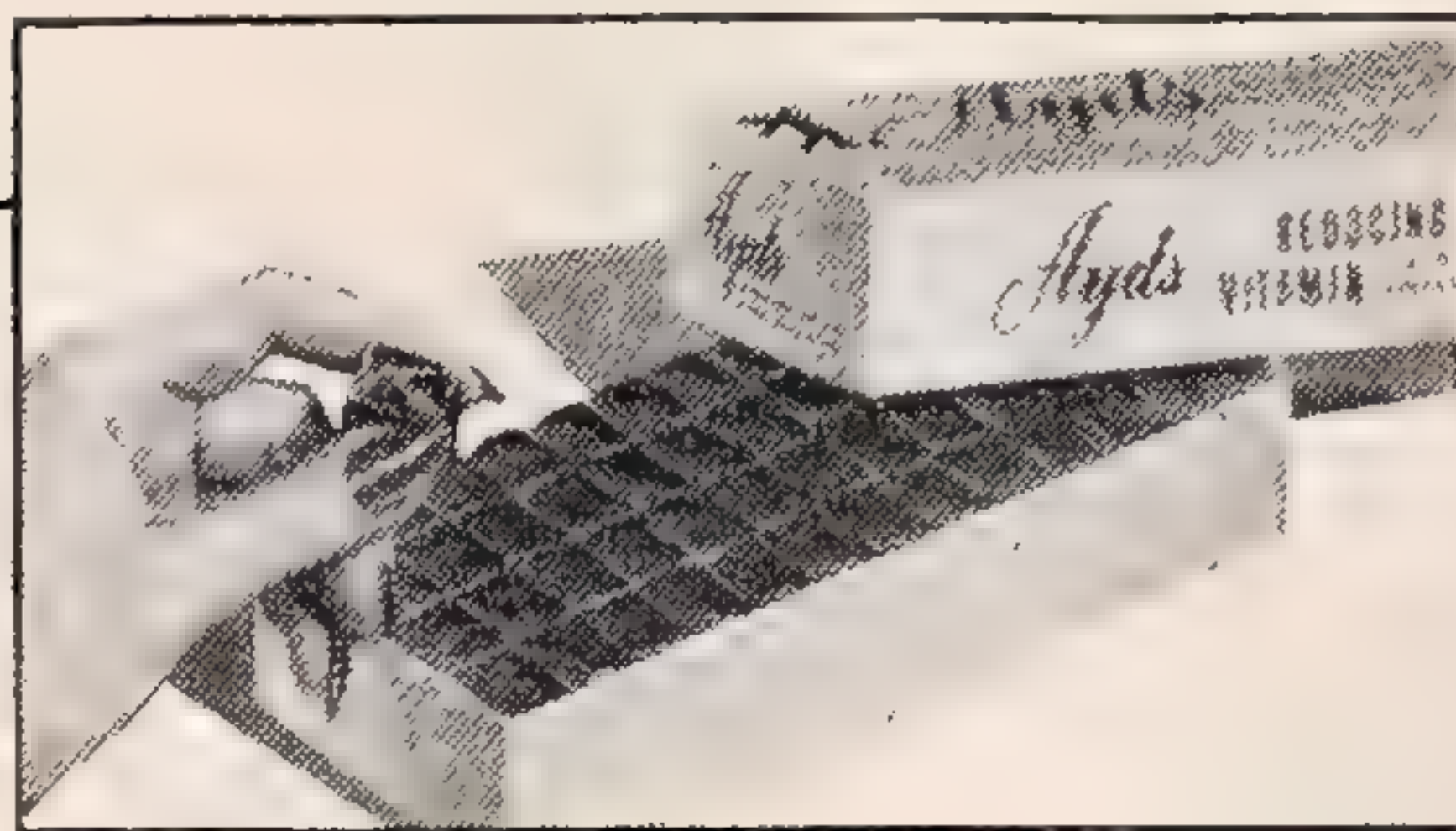
Now! Lose weight *the way* Nature intended you to! A quick natural way with no risk to health. With the Ayds Plan you should feel healthier, look better while reducing—and have a lovelier figure!

When you take Ayds before meals, as directed, you can eat what you want . . . all you want. Ayds contains no harmful drugs . . . calls for no strenuous diet.

Ayds is a specially made candy containing health-giving vitamins and minerals. It acts by reducing your desire for those extra fattening calories . . . works almost like magic. Easily and naturally you should begin to look slimmer, day by day.

Users report losing up to 10 pounds with the very first box. In fact you must lose weight with the first box (\$2.98) or your money back.

● "Whenever I step on the scales and don't like what I read," says lovely screen star, Joan Caulfield, "my first thought is Ayds. In my circle of friends, we all agree that Ayds is the most wholesome and natural way to a good figure!"



The Loveliest Women in the World take AYDS

INSIDE STUFF



The Martin Arrouges (Norma Shearer) return from Europe on Queen Elizabeth

(Continued from page 10)

Little Accidents: Hugh Marlowe's including his finger while sawing wood for his and K. T. Stevens' fireplace . . . Bill Holden (who preferred suspension to another dull role like the one in "Born Yesterday") getting a fast shock from a short circuit in his dressing room . . . Farley Granger sitting down too fast in a tight pair of dungarees . . . Jeanne Crain dropping a dozen eggs in a public market and still managing to keep that magnificent composure . . . Fred Astaire salvaging a sliver from his famous foot.

Feudin' and Fussin': Cal's received so many letters inquiring about the so-called Bette Davis-Tallulah Bankhead feud, it's high time we gave you the low down on the situation. Years ago when Sam Goldwyn offered her "Little Foxes," Bette explained: "Tallulah Bankhead did it in the theater and only she should make the movie. There isn't any other way to play the role of Regina." Mr. G. insisted on having a movie name, so Bette played it as it should have been played. When the fabulous, unpredictable Tallu was in Hollywood recently, they showed her "All About Eve" at Twentieth. So the story goes, everyone crowded around to get her reaction. "Well, who did Bette remind you of?" someone asked. "Bette Davis, who else?" La Bankhead is supposed to have answered. According to one reporter, when asked if she thought Bette copied her, Tallulah replied: "Doesn't she always?" According to Bette: "I don't believe she said it. We are often misquoted. Tallulah Bankhead is too fine an actress and great a person. I have played several roles on the screen that she made famous in the theater. I am a great admirer of her talent." About those Bankhead cracks on her wonderful weekly radio show. That's showmanship, son, and great publicity for both famous ladies. Rest assured, Bette's the one who laughs loudest when she listens in each Sunday.

Stranger Than Fiction: Can friends fall in love? They can and did and Cal couldn't be happier that it's happened to his good friends, Sophie Rosenstein and Gig Young. They met originally when he was an actor at Warners and she was his dramatic coach. Gig was married to a non-professional. His business manager was Sophie's husband. Noel Coward couldn't have written a better plot! All parties eventually went their separate ways and divorced. Sophie was signed at U-I and Gig came on the

(Continued on page 14)

MOTHERS! FOR A HAPPY BABY

Get this
Booklet
FREE!



Learn how to keep your precious baby healthier and happier.

SEND TODAY for this wonderfully helpful *free* booklet, "Ten Ways to Give Your Baby Security," and enjoy the peace of mind that comes with the knowledge that *your* child is receiving the best of care.

BABY AUTHORITIES say that you have to give your child more than just the material things in life. It is most important that he feel *mentally secure* in his home life . . . that you and your husband help give him *emotional stability*.

THE MAKERS OF "LYSOL" brand disinfectant have prepared this

booklet telling you how to give your baby that all-important inner security. You owe it to yourself and to him to write for your free copy today.

ITS TWENTY-FOUR PAGES are fully illustrated and are filled with specific, valuable information that will help you bring up a happier, healthier baby. Problems that arise from day to day, as Baby is growing up, are discussed in plain, understandable language. Baby's emotional problems as well as his physical needs are discussed in this book.

READ THESE IMPORTANT SECTION HEADINGS

1. Show Baby Your Love
2. Make Baby Feel He Belongs
3. Make Your Marriage a Secure Setting
4. Make Baby Feel His Home is Trustworthy
5. Recognize Your Baby as a Person
6. Rules and Discipline Make a Baby Feel Secure
7. Help Your Baby Make Friends
8. Recognize Your Child's Natural Jealousy of a New Baby
9. Don't Be An Over-Anxious Mother
10. Don't Baby Your Baby Too Long

Hailed by Grateful Parents Everywhere

MALVERNE, N. Y.—Mrs. J. K. White writes, "Our boy was a 'crybaby' until I read this book. Now I know where I made mistakes . . . and how to correct them."

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Mrs. Hayden Ross-Clunis says, "This booklet showed us how our child's security and happiness depend on *us*, and we're better parents for reading it."

For Extra, Continuing
Protection . . .

"Lysol"
Brand Disinfectant
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



"LYSOL"

Lehn & Fink Products Corporation
Dept. PH-513, Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me *free* 24-page booklet: "Ten Ways To Give Your Baby SECURITY."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____



New finer **MUM**

more effective longer!

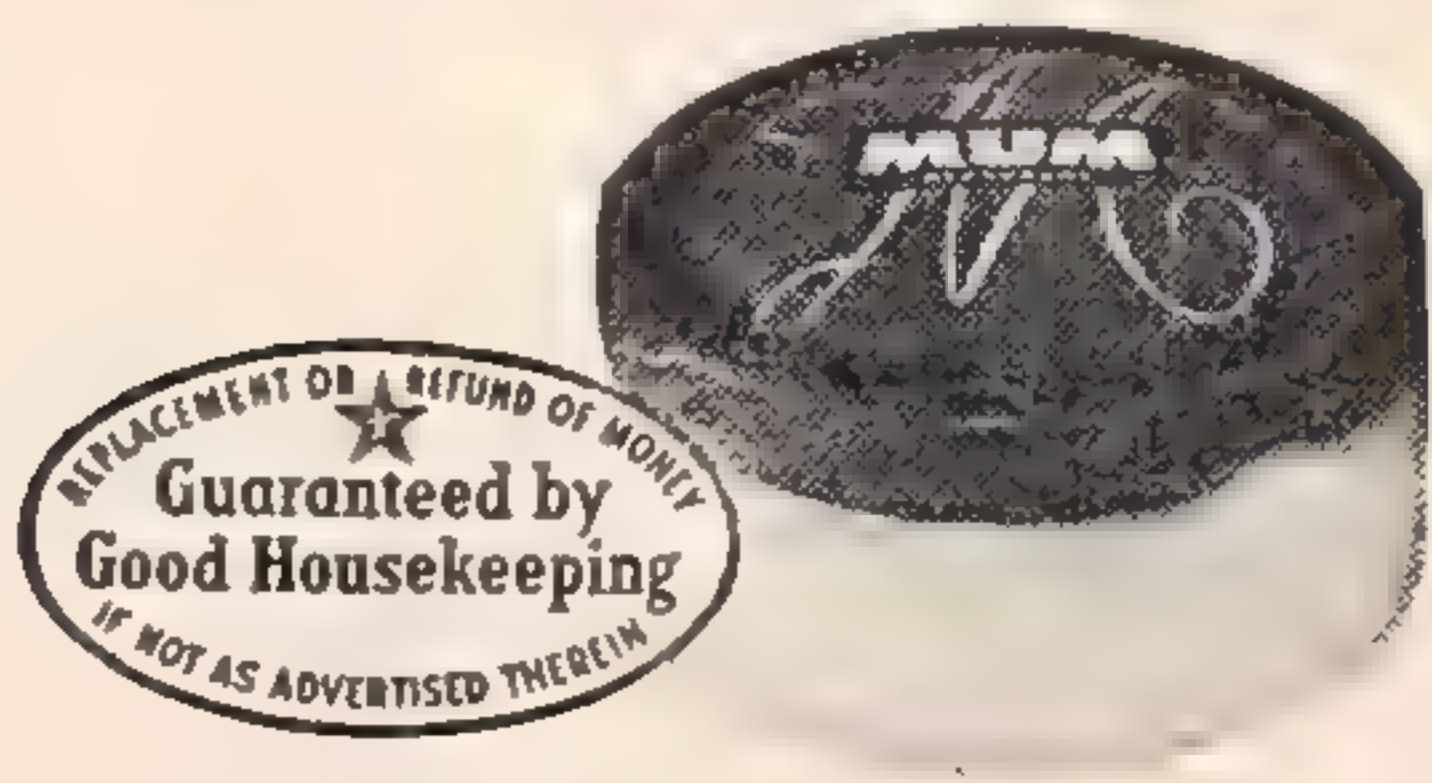
**NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW
INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS
AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA**

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INSIDE STUFF



Ruth Roman and new husband, radio-television executive Mortimer Hall, vacation at Wilbur Clark's Desert Inn

(Continued from page 12)

lot to make a picture. Now they're man and wife and we wish them the happiness we know they're going to have, because they have so much to share.

Musings and Mutterings: The very deserving Gene Nelson, literally dancing all the way home to tell his adoring Miriam about his new star status . . . That fur collar on Van Johnson's coat, attracting more attention in New York than the Statue of Liberty . . . Howard Duff touring the town with Ida Lupino's seventy-year-old aunt from England, who is paying her first Hollywood visit.

Bride of the Month: "I want you to meet someone!" It was Cal's good friend Ruth Roman, who sounded happier than a field of meadowlarks. Quicker than you can say "I do," she was off the phone and at our front door introducing us to Mortimer Hall. "Believe it or not," exclaimed the beaming bride, "the first time I met Morty I knew I was going to marry him!" When she flew back from Las Vegas with her new radio-television executive husband, Missus Hall walked right into trouble. Shawn, her huge pet pup, would have no part of his new lord and master. What did they do about it? "We sent him to a dog psychoanalyst," Ruth grinned at us, "and now he loves Morty as much as I do!"

Fond Farewell: Probably no other Hollywood couple has friends who are as loyal as those of Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor. Not once had one so much as whispered that this famous couple hadn't been too happy for some time. "I think their marriage actually has been over for two years," says one intimate, now that the Taylors have announced their separation. There are those who feel Bob was bored with his Hollywood pattern of living. Barbara has given the impression of being restless and really only interested in her career. The Taylors will undoubtedly divorce with the same friendly dignity that marked their eleven-year marriage.

Ball-bearing: Cal loves nothing better than a chat with Lucille Ball. When we heard the good news that she and Desi Arnaz were expecting the stork in June, we called to congratulate her. "Everything happens at one time!" Lucy exclaimed gaily. "The other night Desi and I were at a radio station when a neighbor called and said there was a fire near

our ranch. She wanted to know if she should break into our house and rescue my furs and jewels. 'Heck, no,' Desi screamed back at her, 'rescue my citizenship papers!'" Naturally Lucille won't be able to ride that elephant in De Mille's "The Greatest Show on Earth." She lost one prematurely born baby because, she feels, she travelled around so much. This time she's taking no chances.

Here and There: Mrs. Bob Hope and Josephine Wayne (John's other wife) making a pilgrimage to Rome and delivering personal messages from Ann Sothorn and Richard Egan to the latter's beloved brother, Father Willis Egan, a Jesuit at Gregorian College . . . Anthony Curtis backing his father, who is a tailor, in manufacturing an Anthony Curtis shirt . . . Dana Andrews having a reunion with five of his seven brothers when "The Frog Men" went on location in deep in the heart of you-know-where . . . The James Masons throwing a wine-and-dine-and-watch-television party. The Masons have installed their new set (of all places) in their living-room fireplace—but there's a reason. In England they didn't have our push button system of unit heating . . . The Clark Gables organizing the Ronald Colmans, the Dick Powells and the Ray Millands, for the jai alai games in Tia Juana . . . Dorothy Lamour's Ridgely and Joan Bennett's Stephanie cooling off the "younger set" with an ice cream party at Wil Wright's famous cone concession.

Last Laugh: For years Arthur Kennedy's great talent was wasted at Warners. But after bringing him back for "The Glass Menagerie," they offered him another long-term contract. To his negative answer, they countered with a three-picture deal. Arthur wasn't even interested in signing for *one*! "I never want to be tied down again," he told us at U-I, where we watched him portray brilliantly the blind man in "Lights Out." Contrary to the usual pattern of behavior, Arthur has no time and too much humor to be bothered with bitterness. "I'll never forget working in one crummy Western," he mused. "There was an actor who had two lines to say and was obviously very unhappy about it. Naturally I wanted to know why he didn't refuse. 'Because,' he said, 'I'm still under contract, though the studio is dropping me. If I refuse to play a bit, this automatically takes me off salary and I need the money.'" The actor's name? Richard Basehart!



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Brief Reviews

✓✓✓ (A) **ALL ABOUT EVE**—20th Century-Fox: A brilliantly written and performed satire on the theater and its luminaries, with Bette Davis as a great star, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, George Sanders and Gary Merrill. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) **AMERICAN GUERRILLA IN THE PHILIPPINES**—20th Century-Fox: This World War II adventure in Technicolor has Tyrone Power shipwrecked on an island populated by vicious Japs and French widow Micheline Prele. With Tom Ewell, Bob Patten. (Feb.)

✓✓✓ (A) **BORN YESTERDAY**—Columbia: Hilarious screen version of smash Broadway play highlighting Judy Holliday as the dumb blonde who's interested only in Brod Crawford and minks—until Bill Holden comes along and teaches her about democracy and love. (Feb.)

✓✓ (F) **BRANDED**—Paramount: Alan Ladd is a renegade who passes himself off as the kidnapped son of rich Arizona rancher Charles Bickford—until he falls for his "sister" Mona Freeman. Peter Hanson makes an impressive debut as real son in this intriguing Technicolor melodrama. (Feb.)

✓✓ (F) **BREAKTHROUGH**—Warners: A dramatic World War II epic—centering around the invasion of Normandy and the experiences of a group of men involved in the final push to victory. With David Brian, John Agar, Frank Lovejoy. (Jan.)

✓½ (F) **CRY DANGER**—Olympic-RKO: Dick Powell stalks the men that framed him into serving a five-year term at San Quentin. With Rhonda Fleming, Dick Erdman. (Jan.)

✓✓✓ (F) **CYRANO DE BERGERAC**—Kramer-UA: Faithful screen version of classic 17th Century romance with Jose Ferrer as the poet with the protruding proboscis, Mala Powers as the girl he loves and woos—for William Prince. (Feb.)

✓✓ (F) **DALLAS**—Warners: Rowdy tongue-in-cheek Western starring Gary Cooper as an ex-Confederate colonel who goes to Texas to take care of some unfinished business with villainous Yankees Steve Cochran, Raymond Massey, Zon Murray. Ruth Roman's the gal in the case. (Feb.)

✓½ (F) **DOUBLE CROSSBONES**—U-I: Donald O'Connor's songs and dance routines save this nonsensical comedy about 18th Century pirates. With Helena Carter. (Feb.)

(F) **EMERGENCY WEDDING**—Columbia: A trivial comedy about the complications that arise when millionaire playboy Larry Parks weds hard-working doctor Barbara Hale. With Eduard Franz. (Feb.)

✓✓ (F) **FRENCHIE**—U-I: Sheriff Joel McCrea finds it impossible to keep law, order and a state of bachelorhood when Shelley Winters hits the western town of *Bottleneck* to avenge her father's murder. Fun—and Technicolor too. With Elsa Lanchester, Paul Kelly, John Russell. (Feb.)

✓½ (F) **FULLER BRUSH GIRL, THE**—Columbia: More panic than plot in this zany comedy which has Lucille Ball and Eddie Albert mixed up in murder, smuggling and slapstick. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) **GOLDBERGS, THE**—Paramount: Heartwarming screen version of popular TV show with Gertrude Berg, Philip Loeb, Arlene McQuade, Larry Robinson in their original roles—and Eduard Franz, Barbara Rush, Peter Hanson as a triangle *Mrs. Goldberg* helps square. Also Eli Mintz as *Uncle David*. (Feb.)

✓✓ (A) **HARRIET CRAIG**—Columbia: This third production of "Craig's Wife" stars Joan Crawford as the dominating matron who almost wrecks the lives of husband Wendell Corey and niece K. T. Stevens. A woman's picture. (Dec.)

✓✓½ (F) **HARVEY**—U-I: Whimsical screen version of the famous play, in which Jimmy Stewart and a 6' tall invisible rabbit cause a lot of confusion for Josephine Hull, Peggy Dow, Cecil Kellaway. (Jan.)

✓✓ (F) **HIGHWAY 301**—Warners: Fast action gangster yarn based on the robberies and killings of the real-life Tri-State Gang. With Steve Cochran, Robert Webber, Wally Cassell, Virginia Grey, Gaby Andre, Aline Towne. (Jan.)

✓✓ (F) **I'LL GET BY**—20th Century-Fox: A happy musical featuring top songs of World War No. 2, with Bill Lundigan as an ambitious song publisher, June Haver and Gloria DeHaven as a sister act, Dennis Day and surprise guest stars. (Dec.)

✓✓½ (F) **JACKPOT, THE**—20th Century-Fox: A hilarious comedy about what happens to Jimmy

Stewart and Barbara Hale after he becomes the lucky (?) winner of a gigantic radio quiz. With James Gleason, Patricia Medina. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) **KANSAS RAIDERS**—U-I: Technicolor story of Civil War days and the early careers of the West's most fabulous bad men—played by Audie Murphy, Richard Long, Tony Curtis, Brian Donlevy. With Scott Brady, Marguerite Chapman. (Feb.)

✓✓½ (F) **KIM**—M-G-M: Exciting screen version of Rudyard Kipling's story of intrigue in India, with Errol Flynn as a British spy posing as a horse trader and Dean Stockwell as *Kim*. With Paul Lukas. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) **MAGNIFICENT YANKEE, THE**—M-G-M: Louis Calhern and Ann Harding star in this patriotic picture based on the Washington chapter in the life of Oliver Wendell Holmes. (Dec.)

✓ (F) **MINIVER STORY, THE**—M-G-M: Disappointing sequel to "Mrs. Miniver" concerned with the post-war problems of Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon. With Cathy O'Donnell, John Hodiak. (Jan.)

✓✓½ (F) **MR. MUSIC**—Paramount: One of Bing's best, this gay musical stars Crosby as a songwriter who'd rather loaf than labor until Nancy Olson comes along. With Ruth Hussey, Charles Coburn, Bob Stack, Tom Ewell. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) **NEVER A DULL MOMENT**—RKO: When sophisticate songwriter Irene Dunne marries cowhand Fred MacMurray and is taken to his ranch to take care of chores and his kids Gigi Perreau, Natalie Wood, the fun begins. (Jan.)

✓✓½ (F) **ROCKY MOUNTAIN**—Warners: An outdoor drama with action—and heart. Errol Flynn, as a Confederate soldier, falls for Patrice Wymore, fiancée of Union Lieut. Scott Forbes. (Dec.)

✓✓ (A) **SCARF, THE**—Gloria-U.A.: Suspenseful story of insane asylum escapee John Ireland's attempt to discover whether he committed a brutal murder. Mercedes McCambridge, James Barton befriend him. With Emyln Williams. (Jan.)

✓½ (A) **SEPTEMBER AFFAIR**—Paramount: Reported dead when the plane they missed crashes in Italy, Joan Fontaine and Joseph Cotten decide to start anew together—and discover love isn't always all. With Jessica Tandy, Francoise Rosay. (Jan.)

✓✓ (A) **SOUND OF FURY, THE**—Stillman-U.A.: A hard hitting drama of mob violence with Frank Lovejoy as an ex-G.I. who teams up with Lloyd Bridges and becomes involved in kidnapping and murder. With Richard Carlson. (Jan.)

✓✓½ (F) **STATE SECRET**—Columbia: First rate thriller in which Douglas Fairbanks, invited to a mid-European country to receive a scientific award, finds himself forced to flee for his life. With Glynis Johns, Jack Hawkins, Herbert Lom. (Jan.)

(F) **TRIPOLI**—Pine-Thomas-Paramount: A not too convincing historical adventure, supposedly revealing how the Marines conquered the Tripoli pirates. With Maureen O'Hara, John Payne. (Dec.)

✓½ (F) **TO PLEASE A LADY**—M-G-M: A routine story which has more auto racing than romance—despite Clark Gable, Barbara Stanwyck. (Dec.)

✓✓ (F) **TWO FLAGS WEST**—20th Century-Fox: A Civil War era Western with Joseph Cotten, a Confederate prisoner-of-war freed to help Union officers Cornel Wilde and Jeff Chandler fight off Indian attacks. Linda Darnell's the girl they love. (Jan.)

✓✓ (F) **TWO WEEKS WITH LOVE**—M-G-M: A gay nostalgic musical with Jane Powell a seventeen-year-old romantic who yearns for a corset and Ricardo Montalban while sister Debbie Reynolds just yearns for Carleton Carpenter. With Phyllis Kirk, Ann Harding, Louis Calhern. (Jan.)

✓✓ (F) **UNDERCOVER GIRL**—U-I: A fast moving drama with Alexis Smith as a policewoman who becomes involved with narcotics peddlers in order to solve her father's murder. With Scott Brady. (Feb.)

✓½ (F) **WALK SOFTLY, STRANGER**—RKO: A romantic melodrama in which Joseph Cotten, a small-time crook, tries to reform for the love of Alida Valli. With Paul Stewart, Spring Byington. (Jan.)

✓✓ (F) **WEST POINT STORY, THE**—Warners: The famed military academy provides the setting for this liltng musical with James Cagney, Gene Nelson and Virginia Mayo doing some fast stepping; Doris Day, Gordon MacRae ably handle vocals. (Feb.)

✓✓ (F) **WOMAN ON THE RUN**—Fidelity-U-I: Ann Sheridan enlists Dennis O'Keefe's help in tracking down her husband, Ross Elliott—an innocent witness to a killing. Suspenseful mystery. (Dec.)

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GEORGE JESSEL, dedicating Mike Romanoff's new Hollywood restaurant: "Mike Romanoff's restaurant is a nice place where a family of four can have a wonderful seven-course dinner for only \$3,400."

Double marquee sign: "In a Lonely Place" with "The Petty Girl."

An agent was raving about a new cowboy actor to a studio casting director. "This fellow is terrific," the agent enthused. "His gun never runs out of bullets and his guitar never breaks a string."

Bob Hope's definition of a bookie: "A pickpocket who lets you use your own hands."

Frank Fontaine, describing Hollywood golf: "A game in which a little white ball is chased around the course by producers too old to chase anything else."

Ben Gage, introducing his wife, Esther Williams, at a banquet: "I'd like you to meet my better known half."

Sign in a Hollywood bar: "Not responsible for ladies left over thirty seconds."

A housewife was telling a friend about seeing a sad movie at a drive-in theater. She advised: "It's a real tear-jerker—be sure and bring your windshield wiper."

Four-year-old Nora, daughter of muchly traveled Bob Hope, cornered Bob's secretary at home the other a. m. with the proud observation: "You know what? Daddy slept at home last night."

A Hollywood marriage broke all records for brief duration—the wife is suing for custody of the wedding cake.

Adele Jergens, talking about a new novel: "What a book. Once you put it down you just can't pick it up."

Sign in a Hollywood lingerie shop: "Our undies are the best. Smart women wear nothing else."

Overheard: The honeymoon is over when the dog brings your slippers and the wife barks at you.

Inflation has reached such a peak, according to Harry Fields, that if a man tells a gal she looks like a million dollars, she thinks he's trying to insult her.

Hollywood story conference: Two writers framing up alibis to tell their wives.

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Green... ☐	Black... ☐
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HAIR	
BLONDE	
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WHAT SHOULD I DO?



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DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I married while I was still very young. My husband is the perfect mate, and is in every way an ideal father.

About four years ago my eldest son became ill, so I took him to the new doctor in our vicinity. I can't explain what happened to me when I caught sight of him for the first time. My hands shook and I was afraid I wasn't going to be able to control my voice. To a casual observer, I feel certain that the entire episode passed in a routine fashion: A young mother much worried about her child and expressing her gratitude to the man who was able to provide immediate aid.

Since then I have taken one or the other of the children to this doctor for treatment. I suppose that, in four years, I have seen him a dozen times on a professional basis, and three or four times at social functions. He is unmarried.

I don't believe I love him, because I am still deeply in love with my husband. However, I dream of this man a great deal, I find myself thinking about him all through the day, and once I called my husband by this man's name.

This doctor has never given me so much as a second look, which is exactly as I want it. However, I am suffering from a feeling of guilt. Can you explain this?

Nancy S.

I don't think you should feel the slightest sense of guilt as a result of your response in this case.

I believe it isn't this specific man who has awakened your emotion. What you see in him is the shadow of some beloved person of long ago. If you will consider him facially, think of his voice, his mannerisms, you will probably find that he has a combination of traits with which you were familiar in childhood.

Perhaps his voice is like that of your father, or a beloved uncle. Perhaps he reminds you of some fictional character, pictured in a romance you read when you were in your impressionable teens.

At some time in the life of almost all of us, we meet a person who coincides so clearly with our retained image of someone from an earlier period in our lives, that we say, "I feel as if I had known you always."

Because the relationship between you and your husband is extremely close and comradely, you might even mention to him the fact that the young doctor recalls someone to your mind. He may have spotted the resemblance which has escaped you.

In any case, don't worry about it and don't feel guilty.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-five and considered quite attractive. I am in love with a man twenty-eight. He is divorced and has one child, three. When I first met him, I saw him three or four times a week and he often spoke of finding a good mother for his little girl, of establishing a home, of marrying and settling down. We went together for eight months, steadily, then his calls for dates became more widely spaced until I was seeing him only once every two weeks. Finally, our romance was continued only because I telephoned him occasionally to keep in touch.

A few weeks ago he stopped at my house for a few minutes one evening and I blurted out my love for him and asked why he treated me so horribly. He seemed shocked and sorry for me. He almost cried and said he didn't know how he felt about me, but that he had decided he didn't want to marry again. When he left, he was like a little boy who has just seen his pet dog run over by a car.

I haven't heard from him since, although he promised to call. Do you think he returns my love, but is afraid of being hurt again or do you think he is one of those men who just can't let himself go?

Neapola O.

You made a serious mistake in technique when you "blurted out" your love for this man before he had given you a clue to his own feelings. There are exceptions to the rule but in general, a man prefers to do his own hunting.

Since time began, it has been a male privilege to pursue. I wouldn't say this was fair; I would only say that things are arranged in that way and when you attempt to coerce a man into declaring an emotion which he doesn't feel, you are attempting to revoke nature. If the man is so tender-hearted that he tries to please you, your marriage will be difficult to hold together, because he will feel trapped.

Interest yourself in other things—find a new hobby, cultivate a new circle of friends, and profit by this experience. It won't be too easy at first but keep trying and you'll be well repaid for your effort.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am very much in love with a man of twenty-four, and I have reasons for thinking he is in love (Continued on page 26)



I'M THE RUG-A-BOO!

I'LL GRIND THOSE DIRT TRACKS INTO THE FIBERS OF HER RUG BEFORE SHE VACUUMS ON SATURDAY!



CURSES!

SHE'S GOT A NEW BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER! NOW I WON'T HAVE TIME TO RUIN THE FIBERS!



I GOT SMART! I USE A HANDY BISSELL® FOR ALL QUICK CLEAN-UPS. THE "BISCO-MATIC"® BRUSH ACTION SWEEPS CLEAN—EVEN UNDER LOW FURNITURE—WITH NO PRESSURE ON THE HANDLE!

**DON'T LET THE RUG-A-BOO GET YOU!
GET A "BISCO-MATIC" BISSELL**



Only \$6.95 up
A little more in the West.

**BISSELL
SWEEPERS**

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Bissell's full spring controlled brush.



A domestic relation: Larry Keating, Gene Tierney, John Lund and Thelma Ritter in a hilarious family comedy

✓✓ (F) The Mating Season (Paramount)

HERE'S a modern day romantic comedy that plays on both the funny bone and the heartstrings. But most of all it's a perfect field day for that fine actress Thelma Ritter. When the bank forecloses on her hamburger stand Thelma hitchhikes to Ohio to visit her ambitious young son John Lund. She discovers John is marrying Gene Tierney of the Social Register, whose mother, Miriam Hopkins, is the snob of all time. Thelma persuades John to let her become their cook. Complications follow fast and so do the laughs. The supporting cast includes such wonderful people as Jan Sterling, Cora Witherspoon, Ellen Corby, and Sammy Colt (Ethel Barrymore's boy).

Your Reviewer Says: A rare treat.

Program Notes: Thelma Ritter was born in Brooklyn, and graduated from the Manual Training School there. Between pictures she lives in New York with her family and keeps busy as a beaver on radio programs. She and her husband, Joseph Moran, experienced some pretty lean years, but today Mr. Moran is a vice-president of an advertising agency. They have two children, Joseph Anthony and Monica Ann. Thelma's proudest possession, she claims, is a set of the Encyclopedia Britannica which she won for stumping the experts on "Information Please" with a Shakespearean question . . . Gene Tierney's attractive wardrobe was designed by her husband, Oleg Cassini, and it is a knockout. This is Gene's twenty-first starring picture, and her favorite . . . This is the last picture in which you'll be seeing Jan Sterling playing a minor part. Paramount has decided that talented Jan will be one of their biggest stars as soon as "Ace in the Hole" is released. A week before she started this film Jan married Paul Douglas. Jan was born into New York society. But ever since she succeeded Judy Holliday as the dumb blonde in stage production of "Born Yesterday," she's been playing tramp roles.



Pride of the Marines: Richard Widmark, Reginald Gardiner, Ralph Nagara in factual story of the Leathernecks

✓✓½ (F) Halls of Montezuma (20th Century-Fox)

THAT excellent actor Richard Widmark, in a sympathetic role for a change, is the star of this factual saga of the Marine Corps which is told with grim realism. Dick leads his platoon on a dangerous mission—the capture of an island in the Pacific. Chosen to accompany him on this perilous expedition are Walter (Jack) Palance, Skip Homeier, Reginald Gardiner, Robert Wagner, Karl Malden, Neville Brand, Richard Hylton. Photographed in Technicolor, the battle scenes and amphibious landings are spectacular and impressive. All performances are good with special mention to Walter Palance, Reginald Gardiner and Richard Hylton.

Your Reviewer Says: A good war melodrama.

Program Notes: Richard Widmark, who plays a former professor, actually was a college professor before he became an actor. He taught dramatics and speech at Lake Forest U. . . . Speaking of coincidence, Walter Palance, who plays an ex-boxer, was a prizefighter. Also, he was a star fullback at the U. of North Carolina, became a B-24 bomber pilot during the war, and understudied Marlon Brando on Broadway . . . Neville Brand, one of the most decorated soldiers of World War II, was a sergeant with the First Ranger Battalion and one of the few survivors of the famous Dieppe commando raid . . . Richard Boone, who plays Lt. Col. Gilfillan, is one of Zanuck's new discoveries. He's a Los Angeles boy and a veteran of 150 television shows . . . This is Richard Wagner's first screen role. Fitting that he should be cast as a Marine, as he belongs to the Marine Reserves. During the filming of the picture an officer called to find out why he hadn't reported to Camp Pendleton for training. Richard was at Camp Pendleton—training in front of cameras.

shadow



Southern exposure: Doris Day, Steve Cochran, Ginger Rogers in controversial drama about Ku Klux Klan



Two on an island: Howard Keel and Esther Williams in a Technicolor idyl—with music—under tropical skies

✓✓ (A) Storm Warning (Warners)

SONGSTER Doris Day, who has been making with the light fantastic lately, has her first crack at dramatic acting in this violent melodrama and comes off remarkably well. Doris plays a waitress in a Southern town, married to truck driver Steve Cochran. Ginger Rogers stops off for a surprise visit to sister Doris, witnesses the murder of a newspaper reporter by the Ku Klux Klan, and later recognizes to her horror that her sister's husband is one of the Klan. Before Ginger gets out of town she is horsewhipped by the Klan, attacked by her brother-in-law, and subpoenaed by District Attorney Ronald Reagan who is trying to bring the Klan to justice. There's a thrilling climax, complete with burning cross and death. Steve Cochran gives a sock performance.

Your Reviewer Says: Meaty melodrama.

Program Notes: This film was shot in the small town of Corona, some sixty miles from Hollywood, during the Christmas holidays of 1949. Why its release was held up so long no one seems to know. When Director Stuart Heisler saw the Yule decorations all over Corona's main street he promptly incorporated them into the script by setting the time of action as the holiday season. It added a gruesome note . . . Ginger says that this is the most rugged picture she has ever been in. She took a fearful beating and mauling from Steve Cochran (and he has quite a bit to say about Miss Ginger's fingernails) and then had to be whipped by a cat-o'-nine-tails. The whip was the real article, but in the hands of an expert who knew how to bring it down on her back and curl it over her shoulders without inflicting actual harm . . . Broadway's Steve Cochran (he last appeared on the stage with Mae West in "Diamond Lil") has just about become Hollywood's most despicable heavy. But there's no doubt but what he'll be handed his stardom after this performance.

✓✓ (F) Pagan Love Song (M-G-M)

ESTHER WILLIAMS and Howard Keel make a handsome romantic twosome in this Technicolor musical. Howard sings divinely; Esther swims divinely; they make love divinely. But the story's on the tired side. Howard plays an Ohio schoolteacher who comes to Tahiti to take over the coconut plantation of his late uncle. He sees Esther dunking herself prettily and figures her as one of the native girls, a gag she strings along with. There's the usual lovers' misunderstanding. But a couple of their Tahitian friends, Rita Moreno and Charles Manuu, bring them together for the clinch fade-out. The dance numbers are striking, the water ballet excitingly beautiful, and the songs 'way above par—including such potential hits as "The House of Singing Bamboo," "Sea of the Moon," "Singing in the Sun," and "I'm a Happy Fool."

Your Reviewer Says: Mighty fine singing and swimming.

Program Notes: Though located in Tahiti, Metro preferred to location its South Sea musical on the exquisite island of Kauai in the Hawaiian group. The green vegetation, glorious beaches and the volcanic topped mountains in the background were just what the cameraman ordered . . . Esther's husband, Ben Gage, commuted back and forth to see his wife while she was on location, but never could linger long as he had to supervise "The Trails," their restaurant, and mastermind the house they were building in Mandeville Canyon. Esther insisted upon a house that's completely baby-proof. Non-skid rugs, screened fireplaces, covered wall sockets etc. . . . Howard Keel is happily married to an ex-ballet dancer and has a young daughter. His ambition is to play straight dramatic roles. Wouldn't you know, and with a voice like that! . . . Charles Manuu is a real-life Tahitian prince . . . Rita Moreno is a former Puerto Rican dancer who recently made her debut in "The Toast of New Orleans."

stage

BY LIZA WILSON

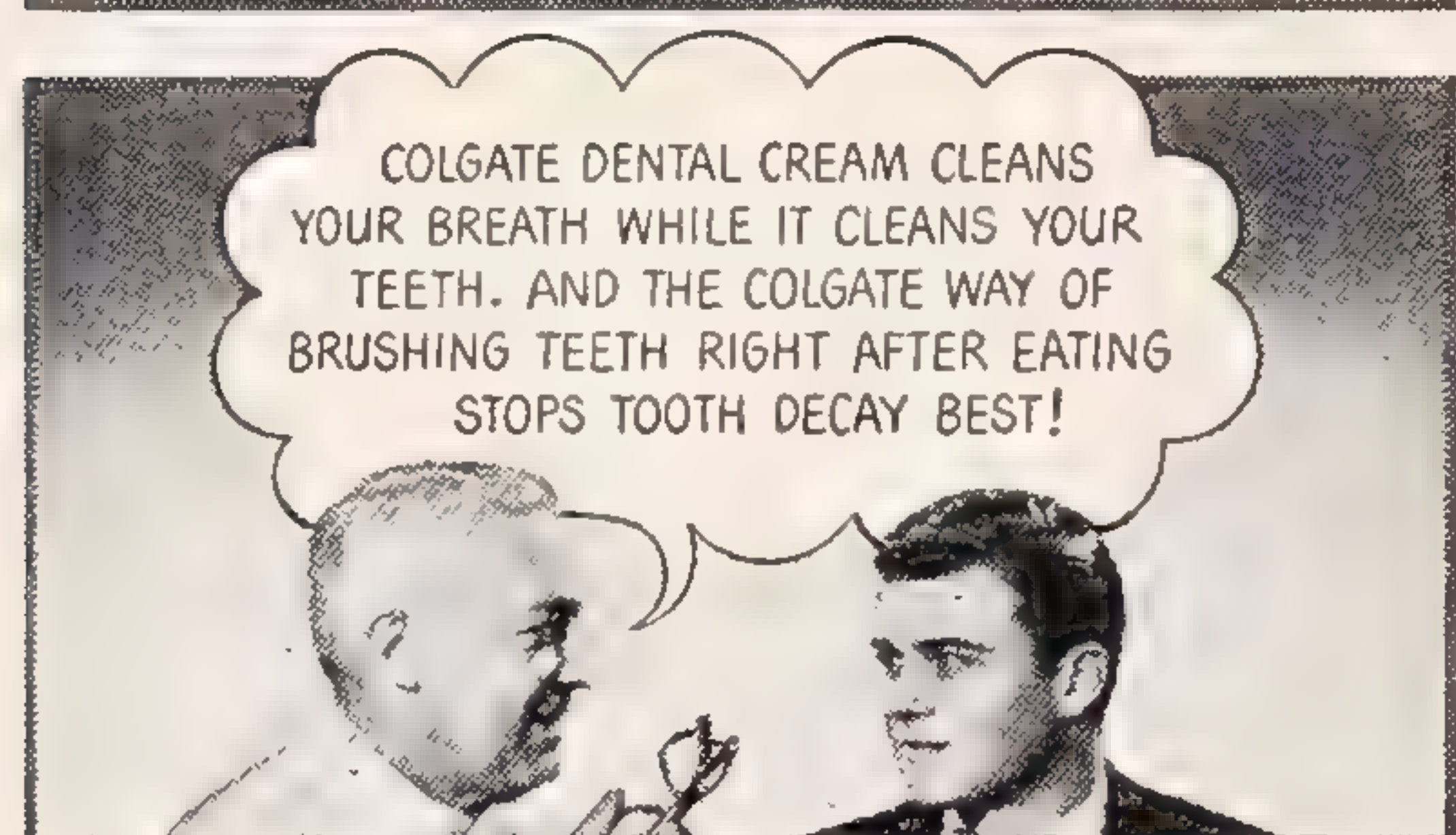
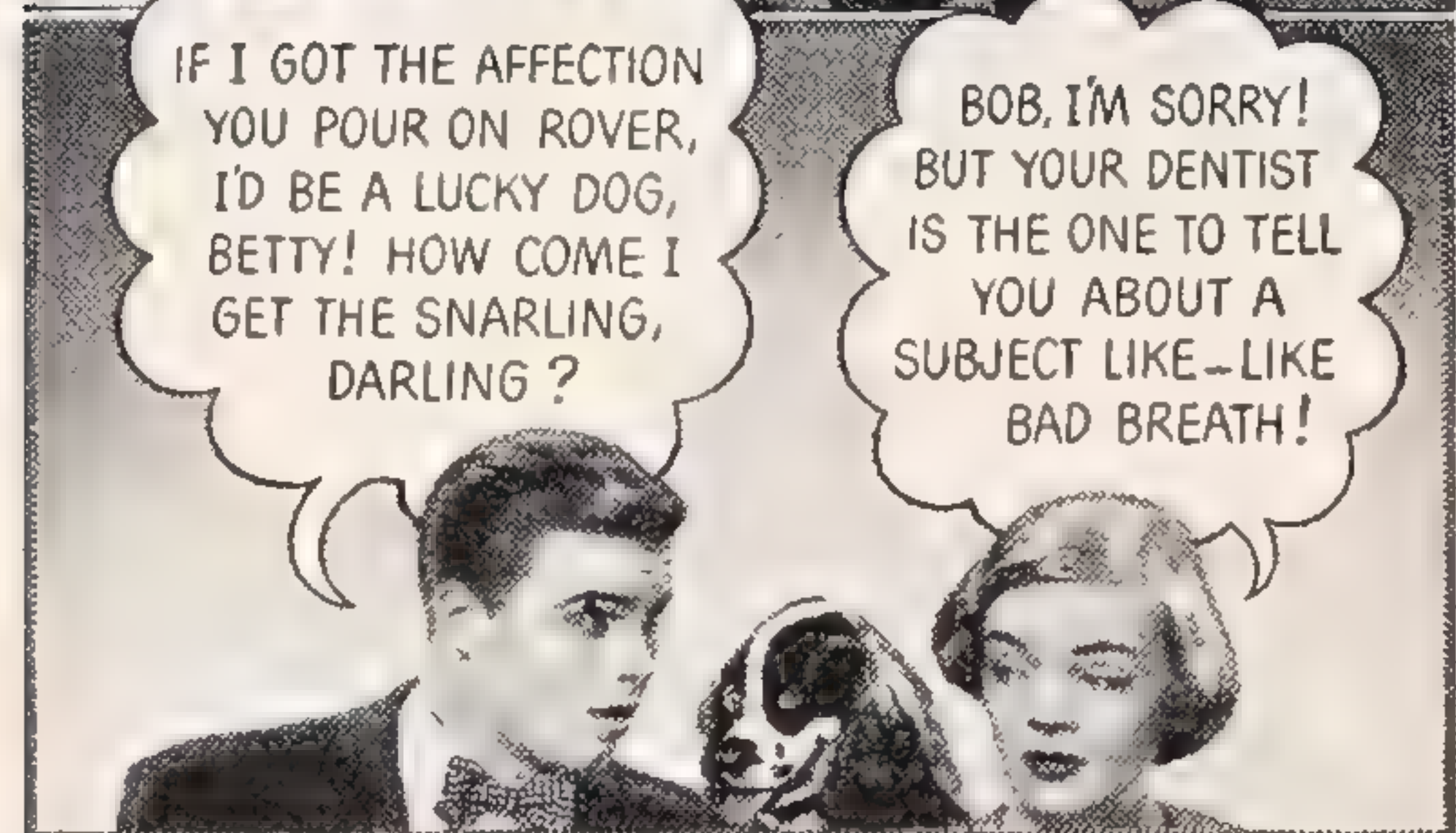
✓✓✓ outstanding

✓✓ good

✓ fair

F—for the whole family

A—for adults



READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

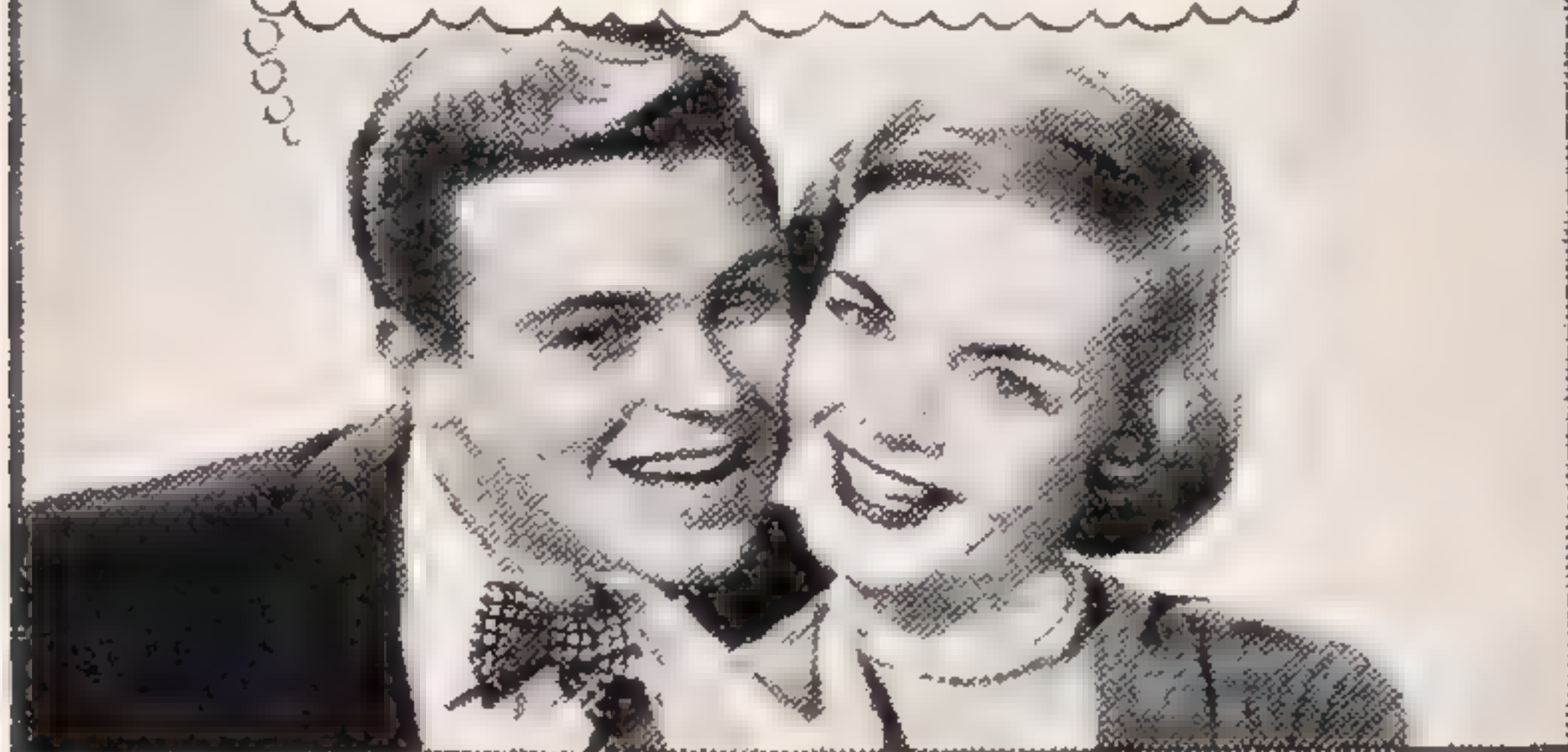
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, offers such conclusive proof!

LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

THAT COLGATE DENTAL CREAM ADVICE GOT ME TREATED PRETTY NICE!



Use Colgate Dental Cream To Clean Your Breath While You Clean Your Teeth—And Help Stop Tooth Decay!



*YOU SHOULD KNOW! While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the only toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

✓✓ 1/2 (F) Operation Pacific (Warners)

JOHN WAYNE and Patricia Neal are the stars of this action-filled story of U.S. submarine operations in the Pacific in 1943. John plays the rugged executive officer and later the skipper (following skipper Ward Bond's death at sea) of the \$10,000,000 *Thunderfish*. Patricia Neal is a Navy nurse in Honolulu, still in love with John, her divorced husband. Scott Forbes plays an officer on the *Thunderfish*; Philip Carey, a Navy pilot who wants to marry Pat. Among its other thrilling exploits, the *Thunderfish* alerts Pearl Harbor and stands by for the dramatic rescue of pilots.

Your Reviewer Says: Underwater drama.

Program Notes: John Wayne kept hitting his head against the protruding pipes in the crowded submarine. He threatened to come to work wearing football headgear. But what he really wore, for many of the scenes, was a baseball-type cap he borrowed from his friend, Director John Ford. Mr. Ford was a Navy Commander during World War II and wore the cap in the Pacific... Philip Carey, blond, 6'3", with shoulders to match, did summer stock in the East and appeared in a number of plays in Miami. A talent scout got him a test and he was promptly given a role in this picture.

✓✓ (F) Stage to Tucson (Columbia)

ROD CAMERON and Wayne Morris are a couple of trouble shooters sent to Tucson by the Union military heads to check up on a flock of disappearing stage coaches. Roy Roberts is the profiteer who is doing the hijacking and selling them at stiff prices to the Confederacy. When Rod and Wayne aren't sleuthing in this Technicolor Western they're doing a *Quirt-Flagg* act over pretty Kay Buckley. Sally Eilers operates a saloon in Tucson and has a tender spot for Rod.

Your Reviewer Says: Shootin', ridin', fightin'.

Program Notes: Sally Eilers, top star of the 1930's, makes one of her infrequent screen appearances in this film. Harry Joe Brown, the producer of the picture, was formerly Sally's husband, and the father of her very handsome son... Rod Cameron, Hollywood's most popular young bachelor at the time this film was made, was pitching woo at pretty Kay Buckley. Rod has since married Angela Laves-Lico.

✓ 1/2 (F) Sugarfoot (Warners)

RANDOLPH SCOTT is the star of this Technicolor Western which is filled with the usual action, hard riding, fast shooting, dust and danger. Randy plays an ex-Confederate officer who crosses to Prescott, Arizona, to make a home and fortune. He meets Adele Jergens, a singer at the "Diana" where the sporting crowd hang out, and when he acts like a gentleman with her he tangles with Raymond Massey, the leader of the lawless mugs. "Cuddles" Sakall plays a frontier merchant who becomes Randy's friend.

Your Reviewer Says: The usual.

Program Notes: Randolph Scott is 6' 3" tall. Much of his fan mail, the studio says, comes from the Scandinavian and South American countries where, it seems, they like their heroes to be big, gentle and active. Adele Jergens first met Randy Scott when she was dancing in the chorus of a New York night club and Randy, a Hollywood movie star, visited the place. Songwriter Sammy Cahn introduced them and had Randy autograph the menu for her.

✓✓ 1/2 (F) Tomahawk (U-I)

VAN HEFLIN plays Jim Bridger, noted scout, in this exciting account, copped from the pages of history, of a skirmish between the Indians and the Army in the Early West of 1866. It's photographed in Technicolor against the true-to-the-story backgrounds of the Black Hills and Badlands of South Dakota. Van's job is to try to protect the last hunting lands left the once mighty Sioux by Government treaty. But Preston Foster, a Colonel in the U. S. Army, orders his men to press on. Follows massacre and bloody battle. Yvonne De Carlo plays a showgirl on her way to Virginia City. Van rescues her from the Sioux and from the unwelcome attentions of Alex Nicol, a dandyish lieutenant. Rock Hudson plays a cavalryman, Susan Cabot Van's Indian sister-in-law, and Tom Tully a wagon show entertainer.

Your Reviewer Says: Grade A. Indian.

Program Notes: Van Heflin took to the sea in 1929 aboard a Mexico-bound fishing schooner. For three years he sailed the seas, then entered the Yale Dramatic School where he started his acting career. During World War II he served as combat photographer in Europe... Yvonne De Carlo became South Dakota's number one tourist while she was on location there. During her 3,000 mile automobile tour of the state she picked up knickknacks and pieces of furniture for her new Coldwater Canyon home... This marks Alex Nicol's second appearance on the screen. Formerly Henry Fonda's understudy in "Mr. Roberts" on Broadway, he was brought to Hollywood by U-I for a supporting role in "The Sleeping City."

✓ 1/2 (A) Under the Gun (U-I)

IN THIS gangster-prison melodrama Richard Conte plays a sharp New York racketeer who persuades a Miami singer, Audrey Totter, to accompany him to New York and the big time. En route he kills a guy, Audrey testifies against him, and he is sent to a Southern prison camp—where the penal law has it that if a trusty shoots a prisoner making a break he gets a pardon. Sam Jaffe is framed by Dick for the prison break. Audrey, back at her singing stint, narrowly escapes death when Dick is pardoned. Shepperd Strudwick plays a lawyer, John McIntire a sheriff.

Your Reviewer Says: Strictly whistle stop.

Program Notes: The studio rented two tame alligators from an alligator farm for one of the swampland sequences. One of the tame alligators went after Dick Conte with lightning speed, and had to be shot by the guard. "Damn it," said the guard, "that bullet ruined a \$100 hide." Dick was too winded at the moment to make any comment about what would have happened to his own handsome hide if the bullet had missed... At the Jacksonville Yacht Club Audrey Totter met handsome young Charles Unsworth, recently out of Tulane, and a romance budded. When she went with the company to Miami, he followed. Charles did a fine job of trying to sell Audrey Florida, but at the end of the picture she was first on the California-bound plane.

(Continued on page 101)

Best Pictures of the Month

The Mating Season
Lights Out

Best Performances of the Month

Arthur Kennedy in "Lights Out"
Thelma Ritter in "The Mating Season"
Alec Guinness in "The Mudlark"

from **20th Century-Fox**

the musical with the mostest...

THE ALL-TIME, BIG-TIME, GOOD-TIME SHOW OF THE YEAR!

Call

me

Mister

8 Swell Songs

I JUST CAN'T
DO ENOUGH
FOR YOU, BABY

JAPANESE GIRL
LIKE AMERICAN BOY

LOVE IS BACK
IN BUSINESS

LAMENT TO THE
POTS AND PANS

Color by
TECHNICOLOR

I'M GONNA
LOVE THAT GUY
GOING HOME TRAIN
MILITARY LIFE
and
CALL ME MISTER

BETTY GRABLE!
—willing and able!

DAN DAILEY!
—dancin' so gaily!

DANNY THOMAS!
—laughter he'll promise!

DALE ROBERTSON!
—he's got love on the run!

BENAY VENUTA!
—who could be cuter!

DUNHILL DANCE TRIO!
—terrific from Paris to Rio!

HARRY VON ZELL!
—rings the bell!

RICHARD BOONE
JEFFREY HUNTER
FRANK FONTAINE

JACK BENNY'S

the only one
NOT in it,
but he says:

"I don't expect to see
its equal again — not
if I live to be 40!"



Directed by **LLOYD BACON** • Produced by **FRED KOHLMAR**

Written by **ALBERT E. LEWIN** and **BURT STYLER** • Suggested by the Musical Revue by **Harold J. Rome** and **Arnold M. Auerbach**

20th
CENTURY-FOX

If you knew
what she knows



You, too, could be more
**lovely
attractive
charming**

Millions of women have found Odo-Ro-No a sure short cut to precious charm. For over 40 years we have conducted hundreds of tests on all types of deodorants. We have proved Odo-Ro-No safeguards your charm and attractiveness more effectively than any deodorant you have ever used.

- Odo-Ro-No is the only cream deodorant guaranteed to stop perspiration and odor for 24 hours or double your money back.*
- Odo-Ro-No is the deodorant that stays creamy longer—never gets gritty, even in open jar.
- No other cream deodorant is so harmless to fabrics.
- No other deodorant is safer for skin.

*Double your money back if you aren't satisfied that new Odo-Ro-No Cream is the best deodorant you've ever used. Just return unused portion to Northam Warren, New York.

ODO·RO·NO
CREAM

The Deodorant without a Doubt



Guaranteed Full 24 Hour Protection

(Continued from page 21) with me. I think that eventually we will get married.

My trouble is a jealous woman. She is my boy friend's boss. I usually stop in to see him once or twice a week. He is always glad to see me, because we can have dates only on Saturday night.

My stopping to see my boy friend makes this woman furious. The minute I arrive, she thinks of something for him to do, usually something in the plant where I can't follow him.

Can you tell me how I can keep this woman from spoiling the twenty to thirty minutes that my boy friend and I can manage to be together twice a week?

Callie Anne T.

I wonder if you haven't misunderstood this woman's attitude? Offhand, I would suspect that she isn't emotionally interested in this lad as a person, but only concerned about his doing a good job.

Hasn't your mother explained to you that it is extremely rude to make a social call upon a friend during his business hours? Your friend draws his salary upon the basis of a certain number of hours each day, and his employer's presumption is that those hours will be devoted to business. Have you stopped to think that some employers would have fired your friend the first time he received a social call?

Although seeing your boy friend only once a week may seem to be a tragedy, there are worse things in the world, believe me. Furthermore, if he loves you, he will manage to keep in touch with you. It won't be necessary for you to take the initiative, and interfere with his activities during business hours.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

A boy who is in my class at school drove me home and parked on the way. He began to get fresh and when I told him to stop, he said if he couldn't get what he wanted, I could get out and walk. So I did.

That was the last time I gave that boy a date, although he asked me for several others. He told me one day that I didn't have to be so holy, because half the girls in town were willing.

Well, one Saturday afternoon a gang of us were at the school hangout having Cokes when this boy and several others came to our table and started to talk. This boy said so that everyone could hear, "So you're the girl who walks back from a ride and then tells everyone in town."

This made me mad because I hadn't told anyone except my mother. I suppose that he thought he could make me feel small by saying such things. I wanted to slap him, but I didn't. Maybe I should have.

I still have dates, but not as many as the other girls who don't seem to mind what boys say to them. It begins to seem that, in this world, if you're good, you're soft in the head.

Pat MacT.

If you were my daughter I would be so proud of you that I'd give you a big hug, and probably a new white formal.

Cling to your ideals and one day a fine boy will come along who will respect you and who will ask you to marry him. In after years your husband will never doubt you for an instant.

The girls who have a great many dates usually have to accept dates with less desirable boys, simply to maintain a popularity ratio.

Incidentally, I'm glad you didn't slap this boy. Slapping anyone, at any time, is rude. It doesn't solve anything, it detracts frightfully from your charm, and

it is likely to form a habit that will embarrass you on some occasion when you lose your temper in front of people whose good opinion you value.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am twenty-five years old, married, and have one wonderful son, now two years old, also another child on the way. I married during the war. When I came back from overseas, my wife was living with her family. I went to college for one year under the G. I. bill, and because the college was about two hundred miles distant from my wife's parents' home, we were separated except over the weekends.

When the baby was born I quit school and got a job in this town. I did my best but—as my employer said—I simply didn't have enough training along that line and had to be let out.

I have done everything to get another job but jobs are scarce in this area, and my wife refuses to go elsewhere. She ridicules me before her family and their guests, and in private says her love for me is dead.

In spite of that, she goes through my pockets, reads my mail, questions me closely when I am away from the house and accuses me of looking "with interest" at other women. She is constantly asking me to take out divorce papers, but when she thought I had spent an afternoon with an attorney, she cried. Since you seem to be an understanding woman, perhaps you can help me. I want to do the right thing and hold my family together.

Mark E.

Don't you think it would be a good idea for you to talk this over with your family doctor? It is no novelty for pregnant women to develop neurotic traits.

There is one other thing you might do: You might make it a point to be especially kind and indulgent to your wife. Perhaps you are not, by nature, a demonstrative man, but somehow I feel that if you would reassure her that she is important to you, that you want to maintain your marriage, and that you think she is pretty and desirable, she might respond favorably.

It might even be a good idea for you to move on to another city where you can get a job, being faithful about writing or telephoning to your wife every day. When you are established, you will be able to send for your family. If your wife feels that you are determined to take care of her, she will join you, I believe. Her clinging to her own family would indicate that she believes that her only safety lies with them.

Claudette Colbert

.....

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

CLAUDETTE COLBERT?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal., and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

.....

Women are buzzing about
the amazing new enamelon ingredient
that makes low-priced nail polish
chip less, wear better, look brighter
than high-priced polish



PHOTOGRAPHED AT NEW YORK'S SHERRY-NETHERLANDS HOTEL.
CLOTHES BY RUSSEKS

If you're tired of paying high prices for nail polish that chips, peels or flakes off quickly—then here's thrilling news. • This is the true story of an amazing new miracle-wear ingredient called Enamelon. Found *only* in low-priced, luxury CUTEX polishes, including the beautiful new CUTEX Pearl Brilliance—it's guaranteed** to give incredible wear . . . to last longer, chip less than your high-priced polish. • Here, too, is a new conception of color—a wonderful range of fabulous high-fashion shades that hold their original lustre even after constant wearing. • New CUTEX costs only a fraction of high-priced polishes. Try it today!



NEW CUTEX
COLORGENIC LIPSTICK
made by an exclusive electronic process. Unbelievable lustre and color-fast . . . won't bleed, cake or wear off like many high-priced lipsticks. So inexpensive. Try it.

CUTEX

luxury
nail polish

**Money back if not completely satisfied

JANE POWELL
CO-STARRING IN
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
Technicolor Musical
"ROYAL WEDDING"



"Be Lux Lovely," says Jane Powell



Here's the beauty care that guards her million-dollar skin

This radiant young star has a beauty tip for you. "My Lux Soap facials do wonders for the skin," says Jane Powell. "I just smooth on the rich, creamy lather and work it well in.

"Next I rinse with warm water, followed by a quick cold rinse. Right away my skin feels so much softer, smoother." That's because active lather cleanses thoroughly but very gently, too.

"To dry I pat my face with a soft towel. I can always depend on this easy care for quick new beauty." See what this Lux Soap care lovely screen stars recommend can do for you!

*9 out of 10
Screen Stars use
Lux Toilet Soap*



CONGRATULATIONS

ONCE again it is Gold Medal Award time. The votes you, the movie-goers of America, have cast throughout the year for the pictures and performances you most enjoyed have been tabulated. And on the pages that follow, the winners are listed.

The presentation of Photoplay's Gold Medals will take place on February 12 at a glittering reception which will be attended by hundreds of Hollywood's leading players, directors, producers and writers.

Prior to the reception, the Lux Radio Theatre will offer a one-hour dramatization of the picture you most enjoyed over the CBS radio network (9 p.m. EST) with the original stars cast in the roles they played on the screen. On February 13 the nation-

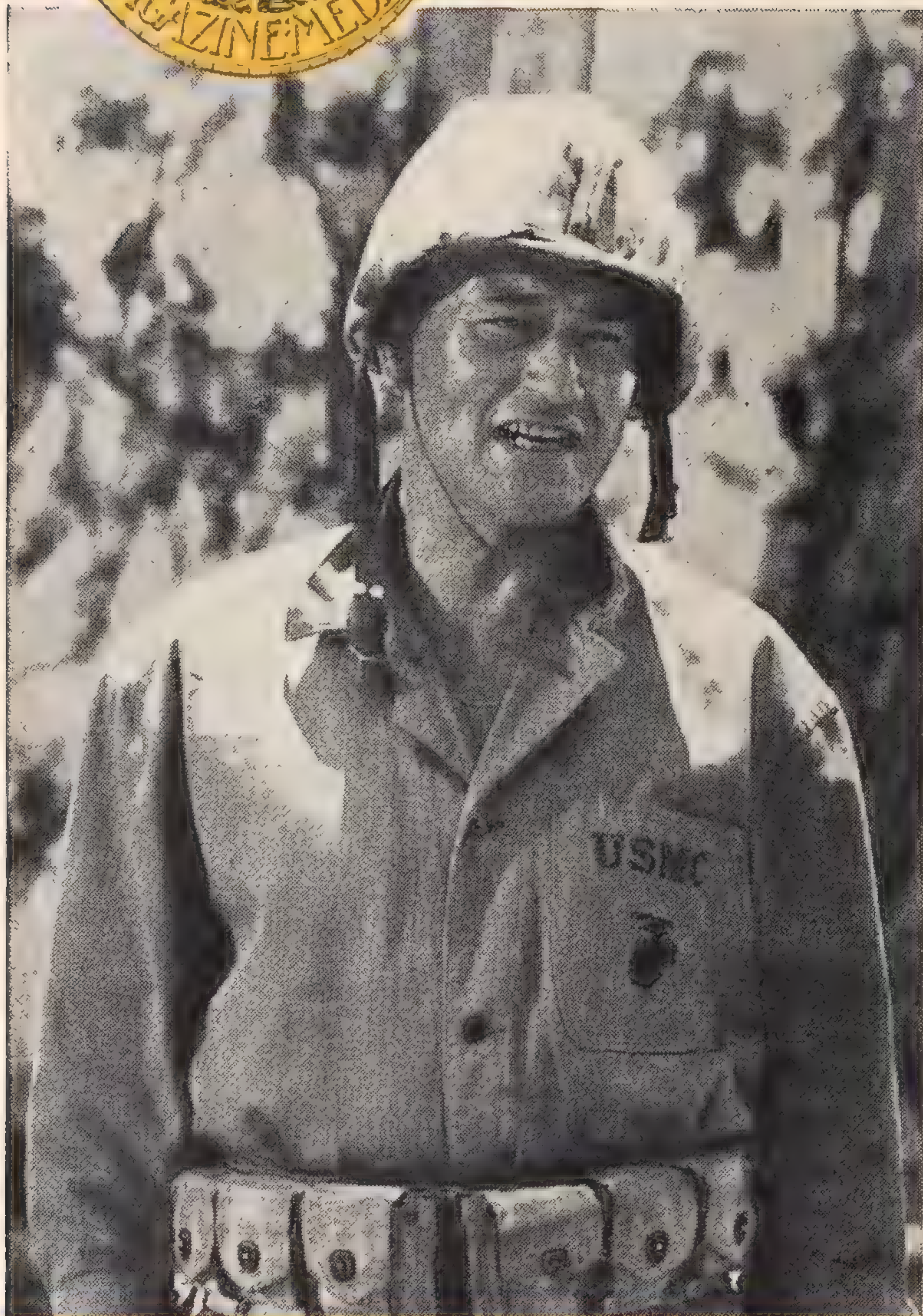
wide network of the American Broadcasting Company (from 10:35 p.m. to 11 p.m. in all parts of the country) will feature the Awards ceremony as it was taped at the moment the most popular performers and those associated with the most popular pictures received their honors. Newsreels will cover the scene. And Ralph Staub will devote his popular short subject "Screen Snapshots" to it.

The presentation of Photoplay's Gold Medals—based on the only poll that represents the choice of you, the people, for whom the movies are made, once again becomes an outstanding Hollywood event.

To the winners the editors of Photoplay offer their congratulations.

Fred Hammit





Announcing Photoplay's

GOLD MEDAL AWARD



Top actor: John Wayne stirred the public with his performance in "Sands of Iwo Jima," won leading place among men

Top actress: Betty Hutton scored with her rollicking role in "Annie Get Your Gun," was favorite among the women



Top picture: "Battleground," dramatic story of the Battle of the Bulge.
Above, Van Johnson, John Hodiak, Ricardo Montalban and George Murphy

WINNERS FOR 1950



What pictures did you prefer? What performances did you most enjoy? Photoplay has many surprises for you in this final poll of your 1950 favorites

A GAIN Photoplay Magazine announces the results of its annual national poll, in which you, the people of America, vote for the pictures and performances you most enjoyed in 1950.

Since we began this poll seven years ago your tastes in performances and pictures have reversed themselves completely. In the beginning, in 1944 during the grim days of World War II, it was the gayer, lighter pictures that were, understandably enough, your favorites. And, above all, you voted for the players who had represented laughter to you.

Now, our Audience Research interviewers report that your tastes have become more sober and thought-

ful. The past year has somewhat resembled the war-like atmosphere of the year in which we began this national poll. It has been a year of sad tension for America, containing the tragedy of Korea together with threats of another world war. But you no longer favor frivolity, as you did in 1944.

The Photoplay Gold Medal Awards for 1950 go to: The picture "Battleground," the film you the people most enjoyed of all pictures released during the past year.

Actor John Wayne, for his role in "Sands of Iwo Jima," whom you voted as your most enjoyed actor in a given role.

Announcing Photoplay's

GOLD MEDAL AWARD

MOST POPULAR



"All the King's Men," a troubled political drama, with Anne Seymour, John Derek, Brod Crawford, John Ireland



"Twelve O'Clock High" reveals the effect of war on men's minds. Above, Gary Merrill, Greg Peck, Millard Mitchell



"Father of the Bride," with Don Taylor and Liz Taylor



"Adam's Rib," story of love, law and laughter, with Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn



"Annie Get Your Gun," gay musical. Betty Hutton, Louis Calhern, Keenan Wynn

Actress Betty Hutton—your only deviation from grim reality to gaiety—for her most enjoyed performance in "Annie Get Your Gun."

After "Battleground," your most enjoyed pictures (listed by popularity) follow: 2. All the King's Men;

3. Twelve O'Clock High; 4. Sands of Iwo Jima; 5. Lost Boundaries; 6. Father of the Bride; 7. Adam's Rib; 8. Annie Get Your Gun; 9. Our Very Own; 10. Cheaper by the Dozen.

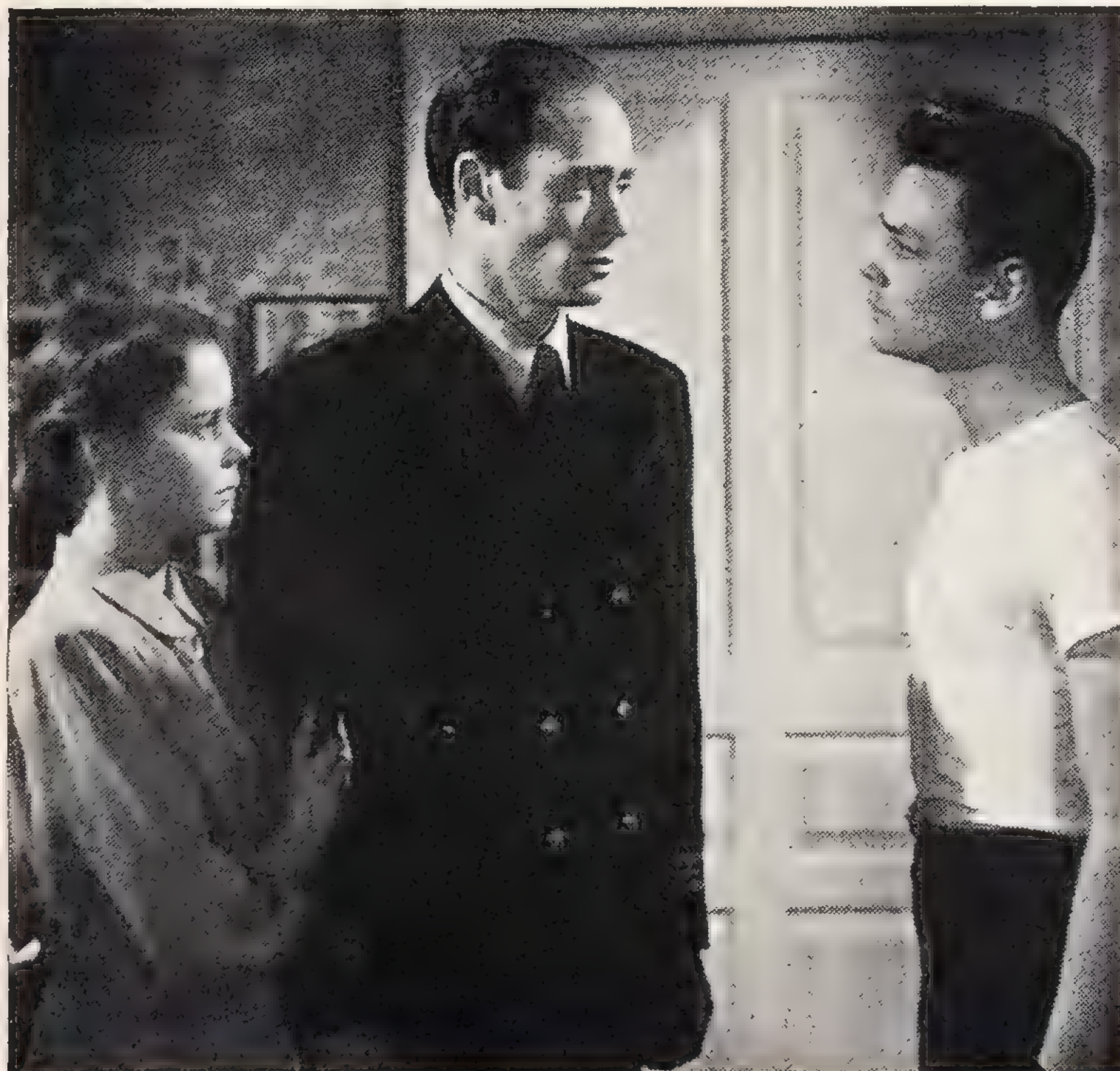
The top five pictures in popularity are all serious

WINNERS FOR 1950

PICTURES



"Sands of Iwo Jima," tough story of fighting Marines with John Agar, John Wayne. Role put Wayne in top place



"Lost Boundaries," racial theme based on a true-life story, with Beatrice Pearson, Mel Ferrer and Richard Hylton



"Our Very Own," appealing story of teenagers. Jane Wyatt, Natalie Wood, Joan Evans, Ann Blyth, Farley Granger



"Cheaper by the Dozen" proved the more the merrier. Myrna Loy, Clifton Webb, Jeanne Crain, Bennie Bartlett

dramatic pictures—despite the fact that you the people always insist, "When I go to the movies, I want to forget my troubles." Three of your five top-popularity pictures for 1950 were war pictures ("Battle-ground," "Twelve O'Clock High" and "Sands of Iwo

Jima"); one was a drama dealing with racial prejudice ("Lost Boundaries"); and another was the troubled political drama, "All the King's Men."

Sixth, seventh and tenth on the list of the ten most enjoyed pictures were comedies, "Father of the Bride,"

Announcing Photoplay's

GOLD MEDAL AWARD

MOST POPULAR



Ann Blyth—for her touching performance in "Our Very Own," as the girl who discovers she is an adopted child



Claudette Colbert—for stark realism she gave role in harrowing Jap prison camp story "Three Came Home"



Broderick Crawford—for his convincing portrayal of a ruthless politician in the picture "All the King's Men"



Larry Parks—for the ingratiating quality he gave to his role as late beloved Al Jolson in "Jolson Sings Again"

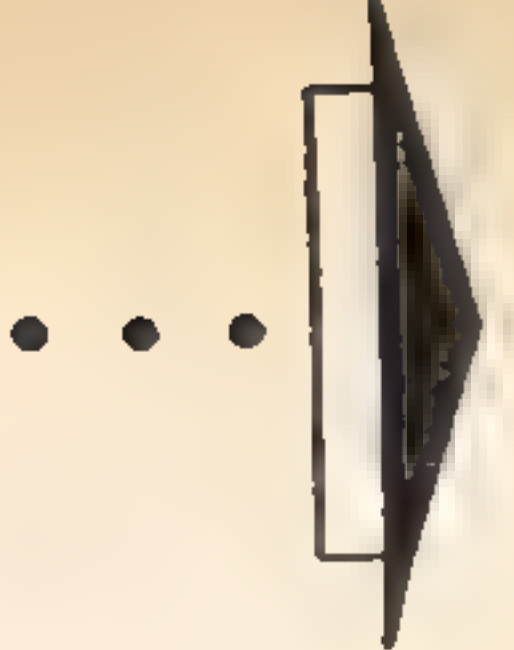
Adam's Rib" and "Cheaper by the Dozen." A family drama, "Our Very Own," takes ninth place and a musical comedy, "Annie Get Your Gun," rates eighth.

Not long ago—in 1947—experts insisted the public wouldn't patronize war pictures so soon after the finish

of World War II; and that never would pictures dealing with racial prejudice be popular. You have proved the falseness of both suppositions. In 1948 you chose "Gentleman's Agreement," a film dealing with anti-Semitism as one of your top ten favorites. In 1949 "Home of the

WINNERS FOR 1950

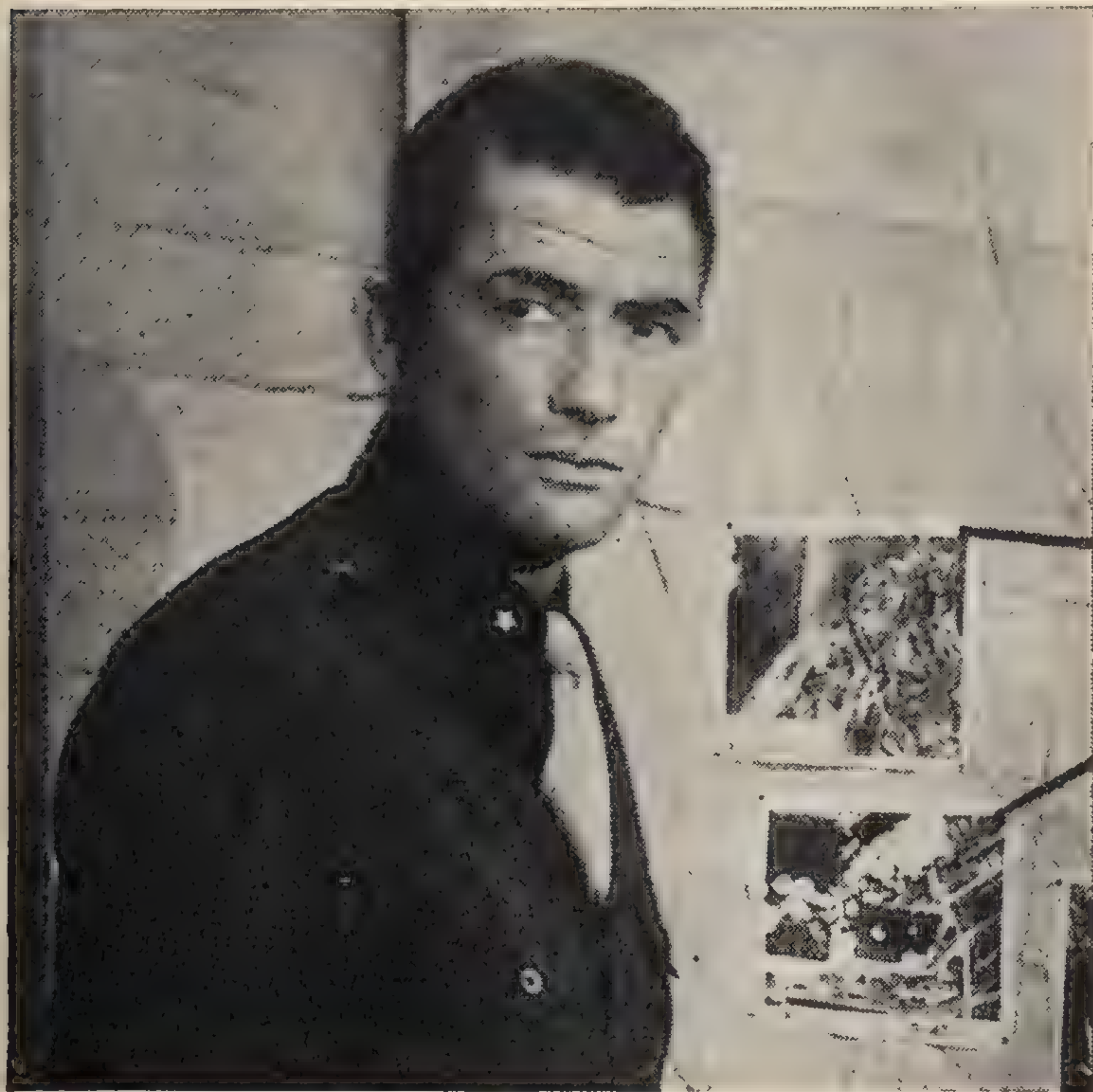
PERFORMANCES



Joan Crawford—for the rags-to-riches glamour and dramatic appeal of her acting in "The Damned Don't Cry"



Olivia de Havilland—for versatile talent she displayed as plain, unloved girl in dramatic story of "The Heiress"



Gregory Peck—for his portrayal of man torn between discipline and sentiment in war story "Twelve O'Clock High"

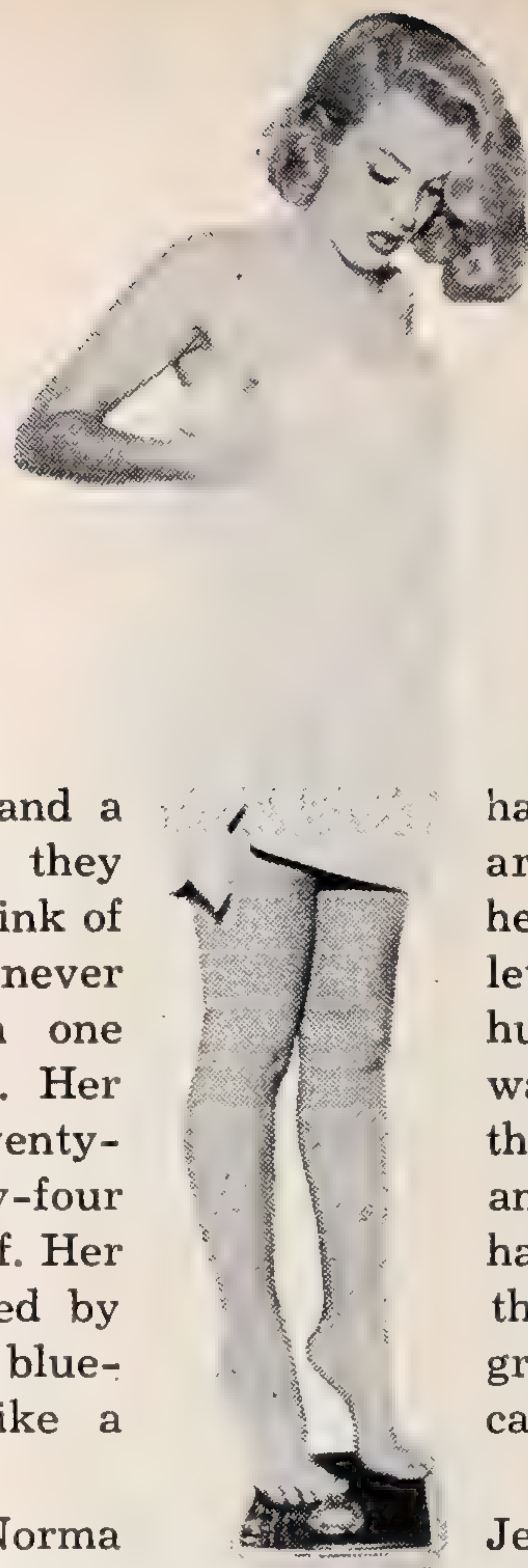


Spencer Tracy—for the frustration, humor and sympathetic quality of his acting as the "Father of the Bride"

Brave" (which dealt with the Negro's place in America) was your third favorite picture of the entire year. You also were strongly partial to the pictures "Pinky" and "Crossfire" in the past and now 1950's "No Way Out" is high in your favor, even though it didn't make

the list. All of these pictures deal with racial prejudice.

Two other films also have had a tremendous impact on you this past year—"The Men" and "All About Eve." However, they were released too late in the year to be included in the 1950 poll. (Continued on page 73)



She is five feet five and a half inches tall but men, even when they are looking right at her, always think of her as a frail, tiny girl. She never lets her self weigh more than one hundred and eighteen pounds. Her waist is twenty-three and a half inches, her hips, thirty-four and a half inches, and her bust, thirty-six inches. Her hair is naturally blonde though "aided by the studio," she says. Her eyes are blue-gray. And her speaking voice is like a caress.

She was born Norma Jean Dougherty in Los Angeles but was orphaned while a baby.

She had a rough childhood. She was shuttled about from family to family as a child, often working her own way. Every time she got a dime she'd spend it on a picture show, seeing the bill over and over again, all day, all evening. It usually meant she got spanked when she got back home. But she thought it was worth it.

Jean Dougherty in Los Angeles but was orphaned while a baby.

She was married at sixteen, out of high school by seventeen and divorced at eighteen. She won't tell his name. "He's married again and very happy, but I understand his wife doesn't like his name associated with an actress," she explains gently.

Her first big hit was the dove-like little gold-digger in "Asphalt Jungle." She portrays another little dope in "All About Eve."

She sleeps in a bed that is broad and low to the floor, without headboard or footboard and she dotes on big, fluffy comforters—but uses neither nightgown nor pajamas.

She isn't in love but she would love to be. As for the Hollywood wolves, who really are on her doorstep, she snubs them.

Beauty catch: Marilyn Monroe of "Will You Love Me in December?"



PHOTOPLAY

PIN UP

#2

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY
FRANK POWOLNY

Daughter Barbara
had a speaking line in
"Payment on Demand" . . .
"and earned \$55,"
Bette boasts



BY LIZA WILSON

That old magic

OUR girl Bette is a very grateful character these days. She is grateful to Claudette Colbert because she bowed out of "All About Eve" after she twisted her spine in a backstairs tumble. She is grateful to the Curran Theater in San Francisco for being so heavily booked that director-writer Joe Mankiewicz, who insisted upon authenticity in his theater scenes for "All About Eve," couldn't wait for Claudette to recover.

Thanks to "All About Eve," Bette won herself a husband (Gary Merrill) and comes March, she also may win herself an Academy Award (Oscar). All in all, fairly lively going for Miss Davis.

Now it isn't so difficult, really, for an actress to get an Academy Award in Hollywood. It happens every year. It has happened to Bette twice. All a girl needs is a good part in a major production and enough acting (*Continued on page 76*)

Suddenly she was having fun again. The
nightmare of the past was forgotten as Bette's heels clicked
gaily across the set—towards Gary Merrill



"He usually looks like a beachcomber," says Bette Davis of husband Gary Merrill



Take away Jane Russell's success and she will still have what she needs for happiness
Bachrach



Most young people in Hollywood pretend a little but Tony Curtis isn't afraid to let the world in on his dreams and ambitions
Fink and Smith

Kirk Douglas doesn't hesitate to go after what he wants—but he knows when and how to give up
Fink and Smith

these Enchanted people

BY ELSA MAXWELL





They have a gift for

living that gets

them—what they want

SOME people seem to be sublimely at home in this world. Whatever happens—whether it is a general event or something that affects them individually—they have the happy faculty of making it pay off to their advantage. Instead of serving life, as most do, they make life serve them. They seem to know, sometimes at the most incredibly early age, exactly what they want. And they go after whatever it may be with such confidence and direction that, of course, they get it.

In (Continued on page 97)

June Allyson may look cute and little girlish—but more worldly and sophisticated stars could take a lesson from her

Engstead

Life is simple for Jeanne Crain—once she sets her heart on anything, she goes her own sweet way

G. Morris

Humphrey Bogart can take care of himself—but he never forgets that there are some people who can't

Six





John Wayne, Gold Medal
winner for role in
"Sands of Iwo Jima"

man alive!

BY JOHN FORD

A Gold Medal for John Wayne came as no surprise to

his old friend and director—who's ready to swear the Duke can
do everything harder and better than any man he knows!

I CAN'T think of a better time than now—when Duke Wayne is sitting on the top of the heap—to say that he's my boy. Always has been; always will be.

I've liked Duke's style from the very first time I met him, in 1928 when I went down to U. S. C. to hire some big hulking fellows to play football in "Salute," a film which I was making at the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. Duke wasn't as big or as old as some of the other players I talked to. He was just a rangy, overgrown boy who looked too tall for his clothes. But there was something about the confident way he carried his body that caught my eye. I liked his easy, unaffected grin, too. So that night in the fraternity house I asked him to take over the job of (Continued on page 83)



"When things go wrong," says director John Ford, right, "Duke is a mighty fine man to have around"



Chata bought him a ceramics outfit—and John had a new hobby. But the only thing he's done so far is keep old shoes in the kiln!



Son Pat gets a taste of his dad's wild screen life—he has a bit part in "Rio Grande," filmed in Utah



WHAT AILS ME

BY FARLEY GRANGER

PEOPLE wonder what ails me. In Hollywood these days, I seem to be getting it from all sides: One rumor has it that I am getting temperamental. Another reports that I haven't changed at all. Over the air, I hear it announced that my boss Samuel Goldwyn is finding me "difficult." A second report states that I'm handling my career pretty well.

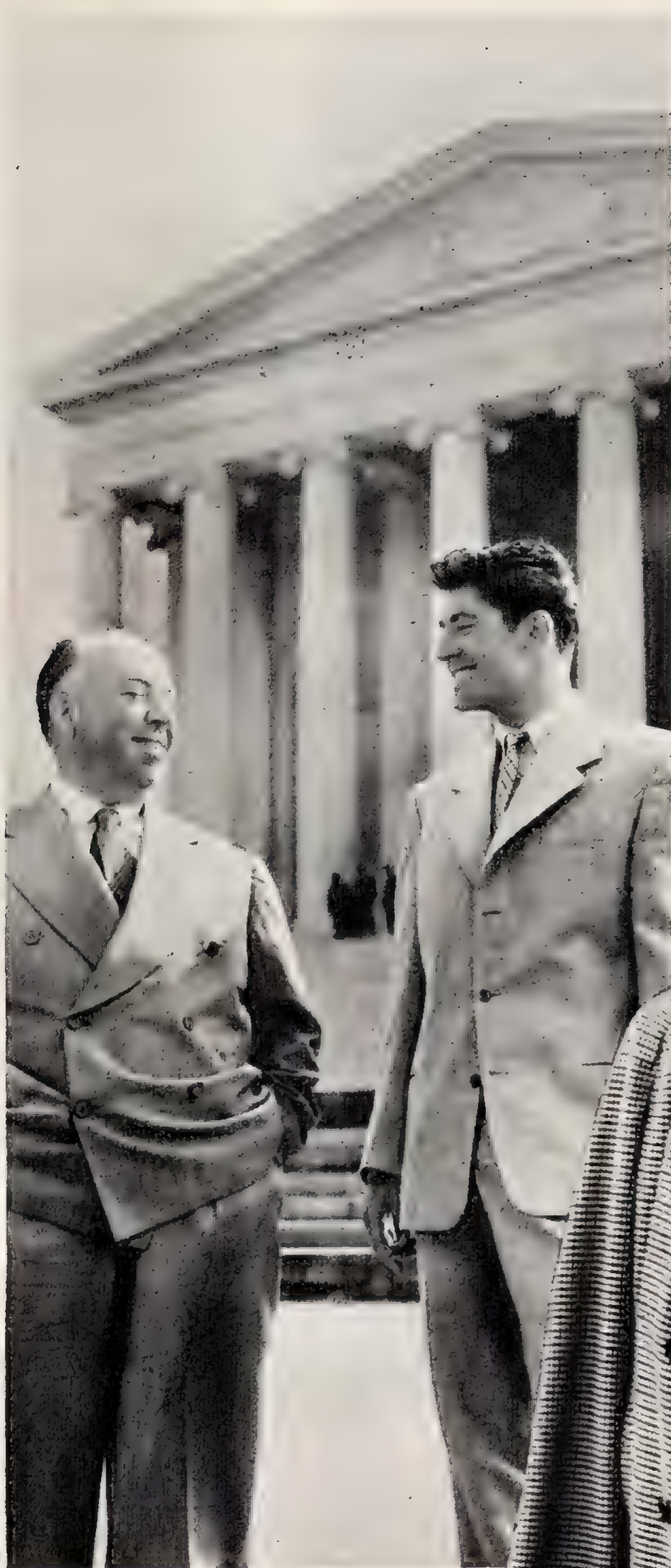
Confidential whispers insist I am about to get married. "They" say I am madly in love with Shelley Winters—but that Shelley is not in love with me. "They" say I am not in love with Shelley but— isn't it sad?—she is madly in love with me.

Well, here's the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth from me about this whole batch of talk.

I *have* changed. I've changed a lot. What guy—what girl, for that matter—doesn't change between the years of seventeen and twenty-six, which is what I'll be this July first. And particularly with two years of war service in the middle of those nine years? But (Continued on page 104)

Farley Granger—
adventurer in living

Dirone



"Strangers on a Train" gives Farley a chance to play type of role he now wants. Above, on location in Washington with director Alfred Hitchcock

What is happening to Granger?

A great deal, according to this story. You will find the truth more amazing than any rumors



ALL IN HER



BETTY couldn't sleep. The Michigan pictures had arrived that day, and all evening she'd been poring over the faces of old friends. They swung like bright bells through her mind, ringing back five fabulous days, ringing the past alive, too.

The scenes kept shuttling, fading in and out.

From triumph to misery, from heartbreak to acclaim. Five days of honor and royal welcome. Bespangled carpets flung out for the home-town girl who'd become a movie star—for her mother who'd worked at the Chrysler plant in Detroit. Five days of cheers and tears, of thrills and laughter—a tour of glory and an emotional binge.

And always in the movie star's shadow walked a child, invisible, who'd smashed

In the beginning there was poverty and tears — and a little girl fiercely proclaiming, “You wait, Mom, someday I’ll get you out of this.” The turbulent story of Photoplay’s Gold Medal winner and her fight to make that promise come true

LIFETIME

BY IDA ZEITLIN



Betty Hutton at home with daughters Candy and Lindsay and her portrait as the famed “Annie”



Betty, as a baby, with her mother, Mabel Thornburg, who became . . .



. . . sole support of her two daughters when their father, Percy, above with Betty, disappeared



Sister Marion, two years older, was never as restless as Betty



Betty's whirling dervish style won nickname of "The Blonde Bombshell" after first film "The Fleet's In" with Ed Bracken, Dot Lamour, Bill Holden



As singer and mistress of ceremonies, Betty entertained the troops at Oahu, Hawaii

ALL IN HER LIFETIME



*Cover
Girl*

her small fists against walls of hopelessness. "You wait, Mom, someday I'll get you out of this. Someday I'll buy you a fur coat down to the ground. Someday I'll be a star—"

Nothing seemed less likely. Mom had drawn her close, to hide the thrust of pain. Betty pulled away. "You believe it, don't you, Mom—?"

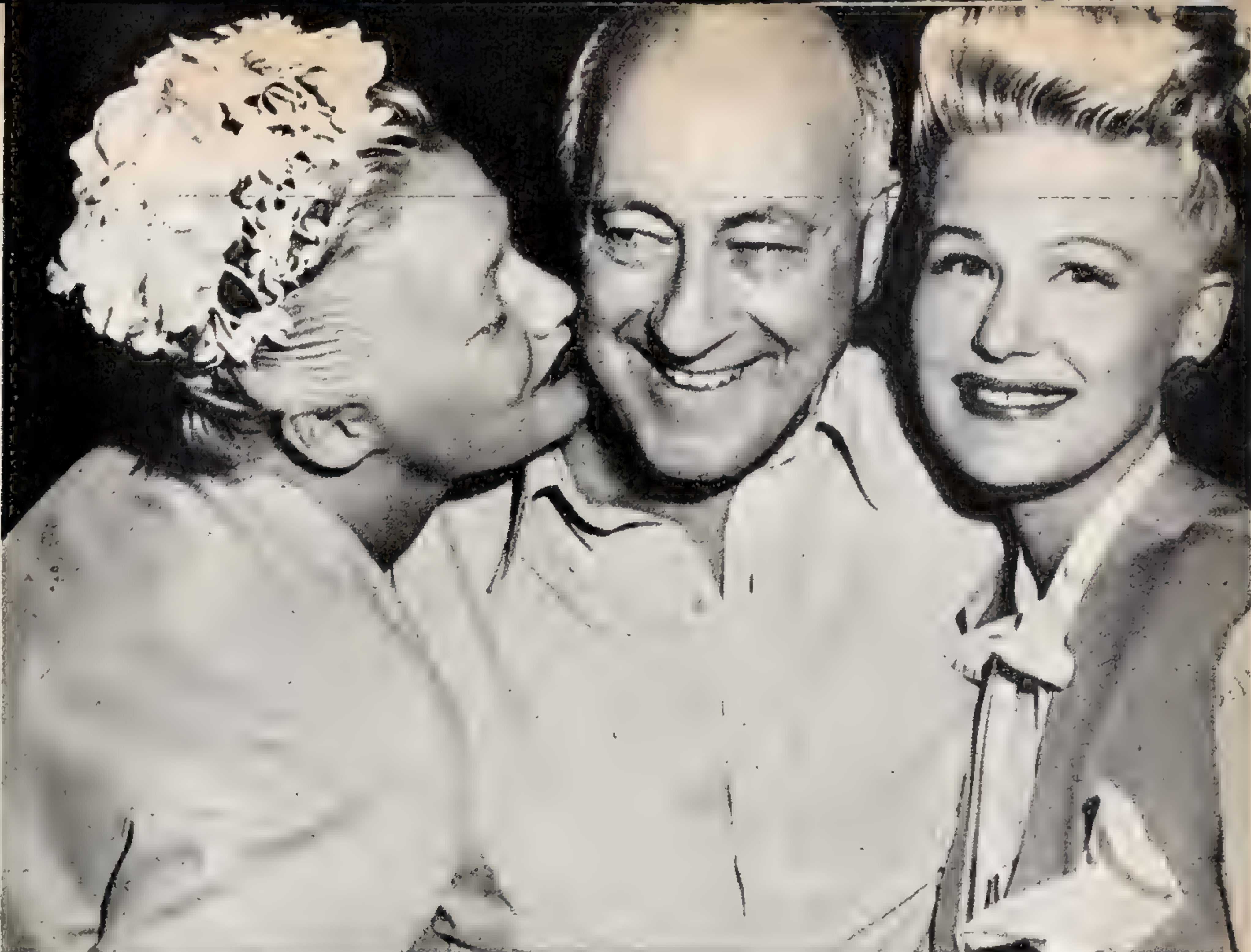
"Sure, honey, I believe it—"

"That's good, because it'll happen. And you know why?" Blue eyes blazed into her mother's. "I'll make it happen—"

She'd made it happen—from beerhall to band to night club to Broadway to movies, her indomitable spirit never wavering. There had been many payoffs. But these five days stood alone, if only because her mother had shared them. . .



To "Aunt" Cuma, the friend who was never too tired to help her "train," Betty sent this early picture



Even dignified Cecil B. DeMille couldn't resist Betty's infectious "Hiya Dreamboat!" Above, with sister Marion, now a singer



With her mother and husband Ted Briskin, in happier days. Although Betty revels in excitement, she yearns for the security of family life



For role in DeMille's "Greatest Show on Earth," Betty practices aerial acrobatics

The idea had sprung fullblown from some promotional brain at Paramount. "We want to premiere 'Let's Dance' in Detroit, Betty. And we want to key the whole thing around your mother."

Yelps from Betty. From Mom, who up to now had watched from the sidelines, "Oh, Betty, d'you think I *can*—?"

"Mom, we'll doll you up like Mrs. Astor never dreamed of. Start dancing now, because you're the belle of this ball. Me? Don't be silly. I'm just along for the ride—"

Things started buzzing at the Detroit landing field. Chryslers packed end to end. Banners this high: WELCOME, BETTY HUTTON AND MRS. MABEL HUTTON. Flashbulbs popping. People falling all over each other.

Mabel falling on the neck of her old forelady. . .

"Remember me, Betty?" Betty whirled. Mr. Miller, principal of Foch Intermediate. *Remember* him! She must have spent more time in his office than in the classrooms. Smiling, he handed her a couple of tattered textbooks. "Take a look at these. I thought you might like to keep them as souvenirs." In her own childish scrawl on the flyleaves: "I love J.S."

"Jack Smiley!" she whooped. "I bet he's married now and has fifteen kids."

"Last time I heard," said Mr. Miller, "only five—"

. . . Into the cars and down to City Hall, where Mayor Alfred Cobo gave them the keys. (Continued on page 90)



Rocky, Gary's wife, not only adapted herself to his life—she learned to love it



In his adventurous bachelor days, Gary went on safaris for big game. As a married man, his hobby became painting, at home

THERE comes a time in many marriages of long duration when even the happiest of couples reach that critical season best described as "the dangerous years."

And, recently, the chill wind of those years seems to be circulating around the marriage of the Gary Coopers, who, for sixteen years, have been thought of as one of Hollywood's most solidly happy couples.

The flurry started when, just before Christmas, stunning, social Mrs. Cooper took their thirteen-year-old daughter, Maria, to New York. Gary remained in Hollywood.

Then came the torrent of rumors—were the Coopers going to break up? Was Gary going to leave the home which has been run so perfectly for him all these years and return to the man-around-town life he had lived so fully before his marriage?

Were we again going to be shocked as completely as we were at the Robert Montgomerys' parting after twenty-two years, the Bob Taylor-Barbara Stanwyck break-up after eleven years and the even more tragic story of the Henry Fondas?

To prophesy what is going to happen in any Hollywood marriage is sticking your neck out a mile—but there are many reasons why the Coopers may try to weather current differences. Gary adores their daughter.

He is proud of her and after I broke the story that Rocky was (Continued on page 95)

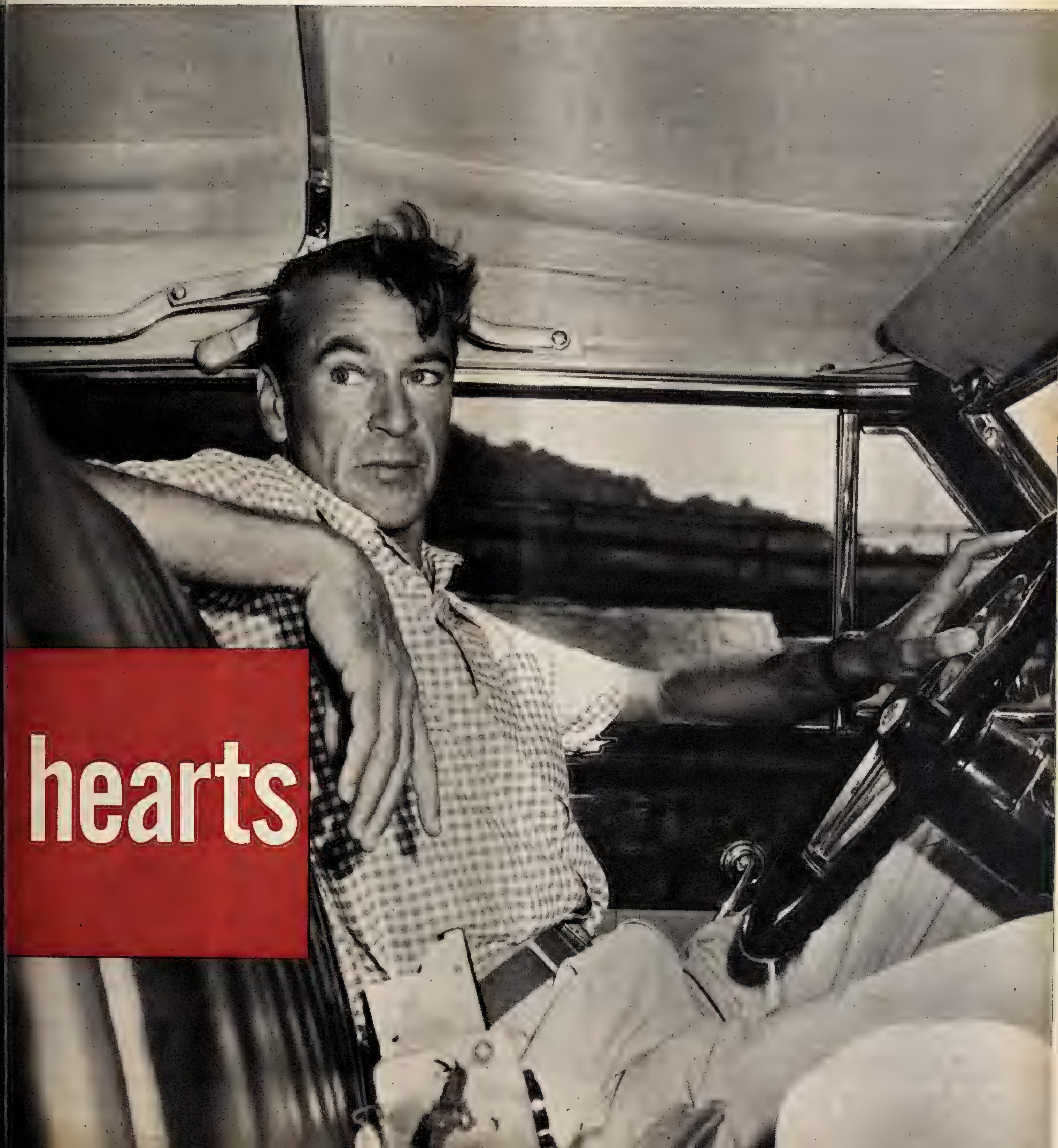
Never much of a talker, Gary expands when anyone mentions his adored daughter, Maria. He is currently in "Dallas"

restless

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

Even the happily married Gary Coopers couldn't escape

the critical season known as "the dangerous years"



hearts

when TROUBLE comes in pairs

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM

When the other half of a star marriage

has a finger in the career pie—it stirs up

trouble, depending on who's married to whom



Having two star careers in one family
can be a handicap—unless one of the



Things might be different if Sue Ladd hadn't
made that decision before she married Alan



People said "fine" when Judy wed Vincente
Minnelli—and forgot something important



The Dick Powells
had the last laugh



marriage partners feels the way Vivien Leigh does about her husband, Laurence Olivier

MY WIFE just couldn't understand," Dan Dailey told me at the time of his last break-up with Liz. "My world is so completely different from hers. She doesn't like show business or my friends. And how can either of us do a good job or be happy under those circumstances?"

It takes a very special type of understanding to be married to a movie star. You have to know when to be around, when to be absent—when to be possessive, when to be patient—when to talk, when to "take it." And it's difficult for the star, too, who has to reconcile the demands of both spouse and studio.

One of the hates of every movie producer is the mate of the movie star who insists on offering unsolicited advice. They'd rather have a movie mama to deal with any day—and they don't (Continued on page 81)



The way things turned out, Bob Topping might have said more when Lana Turner made "A Life of Her Own"

**Pull up a chair and follow
these Hollywood directions
for putting yourself at
ease in the social picture**

SOME people treat a chair as if they had squatters' rights . . . when you should give the impression that you *float* into a sitting position. Hal Belfor, U-I's coach, teaches starlets to sit down, get up, and walk gracefully. To sit down, use four counts. One: Step towards the chair. Two: Bring your feet together. Three: Turn. Four: Lower yourself to a sitting position. Use four counts to rise, too. One: Rest your arms or hands on the chair arms or chair seat. Two: Raise your body. Three: Put right foot forward. Four: Bring left foot forward, too. To stand as you should, raise your body up to its full height. This will pull in tummy and derriere and lift your shoulders.



Gene Tierney, above, illustrates the jack-knife approach. This is guaranteed to raise a laugh from the people behind you. But, take a graceful step backward, like Gene, below, and land with poise intact



On the edge of disaster: Gene, above, settles down with a good book—but she'll land on the floor for sure. This may rest the arches but it's murder on the spine. You'll enjoy the book (and people will enjoy looking at you) if you relax like Gene, below



sitting pretty

by Vicky Riley

The eager-beaver pose of "let's get really chummy" attitude taken by Gene, opposite, shows what happens to even a pretty girl in this position. For graceful contrast, Gene, below, is sure to keep the talk—and admiring glances—headed her way when she sits back and takes it easy



Photographs by Dirone

Gene Tierney of "On the Riviera," is all set to go—two ways. Upper right, she's the awkward type with a load on her chest. Below, she has a hand to spare for her friends—and looks like a lady who knows how to shop



Styled after an English cottage, Shirley Temple's house is built on two levels



Red, green, white check is used in dining area. Prints come down when movies are shown on wall



Hand-carved beams frame fireplace alcove, with its red fireside benches. At left is music room, den

Is your home a relic of the past or

is it, like Shirley Temple's, bright

proof that houses can change along

with the people who live in them?

THE HOUSE THAT GREW UP

BY LYLE WHEELER

Art Director, Twentieth Century-Fox Studios

Star in
Your Home

Hollywood ideas to
decorate your home

SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S home has been remodeled and decorated so delightfully that it is hard to believe it was the playhouse built for her when she was a little girl. Styled after an English cottage, it stands in the grounds of her parents' home, half hidden by the trees and shrubs which give it the air of having grown in its setting like something out of a fairy tale. Located on a steep slope, it is built on two levels, the top floor—where you enter from a curving, tree-shadowed drive—and the lower floor built against the hillside and overlooking the garden.

Formerly, the upper floor housed Shirley's little theater. There was a stage with dressing rooms beyond, as well as bath and kitchen. In remodeling, the stage was removed and the (Continued on page 88)

Glazed chintz in this U-grouping sets color scheme for entire room

Photographs by de Gennaro





Nancy Davis, Marie Windsor, Gretchen Adamson greet Audrey Totter with gifts



Barbara Hale, left, Barbra Fuller, Nancy, Audrey whip up curtains, towels for Audrey's new house

Floor show: The lack of furniture didn't bother them—they just spread a cloth in front of the fireplace so wieners could be easily roasted. Clockwise, are Betty, Marie, Gloria, Gretchen, Nancy, Audrey, Barbara, Barbra



Close-up of Audrey's picnic menu

fireside PICNIC

BY KAY MULVEY

Recipes tested by the Macfadden Kitchen

When a Hollywood bachelor girl buys her own home—

that's news. When friends pitch in and sew

for their supper—that's a party

RECENTLY Audrey Totter, bored with apartment house living, decided to enjoy the secure and happy feeling of owning a house. When a bachelor girl in Hollywood buys a home for herself that's news.

As soon as Audrey's little dream place, a modest, attractive two-bedroom home in Brentwood, was out of escrow, she got on the phone and called Marie. (Continued on page 100)



Prospective mothers, Barbara Hale and Betty Garrett, discuss their coming events—and decide they'd just as soon have twins!



Their sewing done, the girls are in the mood for singing. Barbara, the optimist, tries to talk to husband, Bill Williams

FAITH—and five million dollars

by Maxine Arnold

The unbelievable story that began ten years ago—when a great producer saw a chubby fifteen-year-old girl and

knew she could become the star Faith Domergue is today

THIS is a story of faith.

Twenty-five years ago while a twenty-year-old young Texan was taking over the management of the Hughes Tool Company and oil interests which he had just inherited, an infant girl was born in the colorful French Quarter of New Orleans. Ten years ago the paths of this man and this girl crossed in Hollywood—and, promptly, they began to live a *Cinderella* story that has taken ten years to complete.

The man is Howard Hughes, whose brilliance as a builder of airplanes, speed records, oil tools and motion picture stars has made him an almost legendary figure. The name

Expressions of Faith
Color by Bachrach





FAITH—and five million dollars

of the unknown girl he "Godfather-ed" to stardom is, fittingly enough, Faith Domergue. For, above all, this is a story of faith—the faith Hughes had to have in this girl to gamble \$5,000,000 in her salary, tutoring and coaching; in "Vendetta," the picture that is built completely around her and in "Where Danger Lives," the picture in which she appears with Bob Mitchum.

Today Faith is a poised, exotic-looking girl with black curly hair and slumberous hazel eyes, a sexy, almost rebellious-looking mouth, a skin like champagne satin and a voice alluring and low. When Howard Hughes first met her she was a chubby fifteen. She had had no coaching dramatic-wise. She was bedevilled by an inferiority complex. And she had a terrible speech impediment. But he said to her, "If you will have confidence in me—someday you will be one of the biggest stars in Hollywood."

She believed him. She worked; studying, exercising—with a depresser under her tongue and a toothpick across her teeth—reading for hours at a time. And the years went by.

Mr. Hughes is a man who inspires confidence. Thus simply Faith explains it all. "He has an indescribable quality—the way he looks at you when he speaks—so direct—so very sincere. I always believed that, when the time was right, someday it would happen—just as he'd said—"

Their story started on a boat at Balboa, California. Faith, who had been under contract to Warner Brothers for about two weeks, was vacationing at Balboa with her parents. She had been burned in an automobile crash that had threatened her life and the discoloration from the burns was finally fading away.

In a drugstore in the village, she had met Susan (Continued on page 85)

Donald Buka and Faith in scene from "Vendetta," the film on which Howard Hughes gambled millions of dollars

Hughes finally decided to hold "Vendetta" and introduce Faith to the public in "Where Danger Lives." Below, on set with producer John Farrow and co-star, Bob Mitchum

Faith, listening to voice recordings, had to spend weary months





A devoted wife and mother, Faith is married to Hugo Fregonese, South American director, now with Hollywood studio. They have a daughter, Diana

doing special exercises to overcome her speech defect

Other than improving her figure—she's a slim 120 pounds—Hughes allowed no change made in her physical appearance

She is the cameraman's joy—photographs well from every angle. Placid and feminine off-screen, she's sultry, smoldering in films





photoplay

FASHIONS

**Dainty Sally Forrest is currently
in M-G-M's "Vengeance Valley"**

Smart investment for now and later is this rayon suit with its tiny, fashion-wise checks. Soft roll collar, curved hip pockets give it dress-up charm.

Figure-flattering, it comes in sizes 7 to 15, 10 to 20, 10 plus to 20 plus.

In navy or black with white check, gray with yellow or tan with cream.

A Weathervane suit by Handmacher, \$25.00 at Kresge—Newark, N. J., Schuneman's, St. Paul, Minn.

*For store nearest you write direct to
manufacturer listed on page 80*



Engstead

Color portrait by Engstead



**Liz Scott, of Hal Wallis's "Quantrell's Raiders," wears
the original suit by Michael Woulfe in scene with Jane
Greer in RKO's "The Company She Keeps"**

← Spring tonic: On opposite page—a Jaunty Juniors reproduction of the Liz Scott—Michael Woulfe bolero suit. In the new bright blue, it has youthful appeal with removable white pique trim on waist-length jacket. Slim skirt has soft pleats stitched below the waist. In rayon flannel, it also comes in tan or gray, sizes 7-15. Around \$39.95 at Charles F. Berg, Portland, Ore., Jenny's, Cincinnati, O. and stores on page 91. Pearls by Marvella.



Photographed by Dirone at Wildenstein Art Galleries, New York

Monica Lewis makes her screen debut in M-G-M's "Excuse My Dust"

sophisticated

APPROACH

to spring

A lady enters the picture—in a suit designed for every smart occasion. In worsted sheen gabardine, distinctive jacket has double link closing, tiny check trim outlining the wide lapels. Skirt has stitched center pleat faced with the same check. Sizes 10-18 in navy, black, beige or gray, all with check trim. Around \$65.00 by Lilli Ann at Saks 34th St., New York, N. Y. The May Co., Los Angeles, Cal. Straw roller by Stetson

For store nearest you write direct to manufacturers listed on page 80



Marcia Phelps—
her friends envy her
flawless complexion



Her Ring

She's Engaged

MARCIA PHELPS met her fiancé, David Guilford Morse, at a wedding last June. Now, their own wedding day is set—a charming church ceremony in Chicago's smart suburb, Glencoe—with six bridesmaids and Marcia a regally lovely bride.

She's Lovely

Marcia has a beauty that captures the imagination. Her face so vividly expresses her *real* Inner Self... with its dramatic, wide-set eyes, cool, white-ivory skin, *exciting* look of loving life! The minute you see her, you feel you *must* know Marcia better.

She uses Pond's

"When you look your best—the nicest things happen"—Marcia says

Haven't you felt the way others respond when you *look your prettiest*?

Marcia feels that the first step toward looking lovely is an *exquisitely clean, soft skin*. "I adore using Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "This *cream* cleansing is so thorough, *never drying*. It leaves my skin smooth and *definitely clean*."

You, too, will love Pond's Cold Cream care for *your* face. Use it *every* night (for day cleansings, too)—*this way*:

Hot Stimulation—a quick hot water splash.

Cream Cleanse—swirl Pond's Cold Cream over your face and throat to soften dirt and make-up, sweep them from pore openings. Tissue off.

Cream Rinse—more Pond's to rinse off last traces of dirt, leave skin immaculate. Tissue off.

Cold Stimulation—a tonic cold water splash.

Now—doesn't your face look sparkling? And it feels smooth-as-silk!

It's not vanity to help your face look lovely. When you know you look your best, it lets a sweet assurance ripple out from the real You within—draws other people to you on sight!



Get a big jar of fluffy Pond's Cold Cream today

Start now to help your face show a lovelier you!

Photoplay Patterns
205 East 42nd Street
New York 17, New York

Enclosed find thirty-five cents (\$.35)
for which please send me the Photo-
play Pattern of the Kathryn Grayson
"Grounds for Marriage" dress in
sizes 9—11—13—15—17.

Name Size

Street

City State Age ..

photoplay's

PATTERN

of the month

It's that exhilarating time of the year when the girl who sews is ready to wear—
a dress like this. Easy to make, its simple lines show off the tiny checks that are smart
this season. Crisp white pique dickey sets off reverse front. Deep pique cuffs
are removable. Try it in Celanese's Feathercheck—a rayon that feels like flannel.

For detailed pattern drawings see page 80

Kathryn Grayson in original dress designed by Helen Rose for M-G-M's "Grounds for Marriage"



Engstead

younger than anything!

...even newer than anything!

meet the newest thing in reform circles...a wonderful new kind of nylon, nylon made absorbent, silky-feeling, even more wonderful on the body...by a brilliant new process ("nylonizing" is the name). We give it to you first in the world...in the lightest, youngest nylon net figuremaker you've ever worn. We call it "little bit" because that's the size of it and that's the way it feels on the body...but it does a powerful job of slimming and trimming and it has the marvelous Jantzen-exclusive knitted "breathing top" to minimize your waist the easy way. White and delicate pink...girdles and panty-girdles 5.95 to 7.50...at most stores.

P. S. Jantzen has the most wonderful bras...with concentric-stitched cups ...also in nylonized nylon!



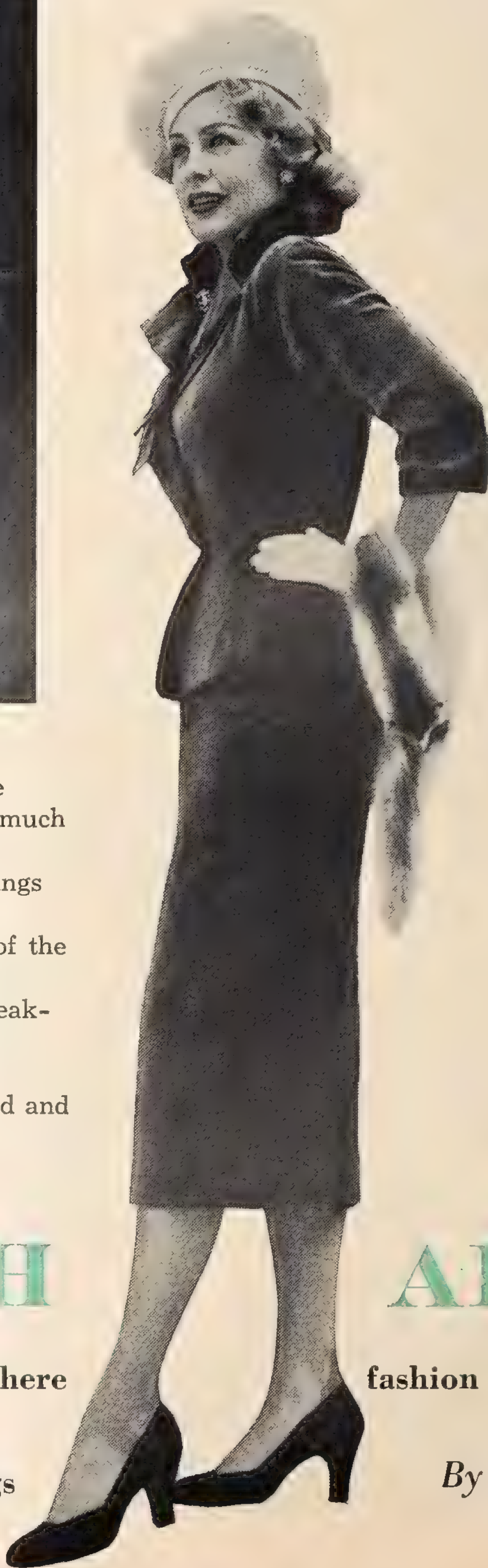
A black and white illustration of a woman wearing a Jantzen girdle. She is standing with one hand on her hip and the other near her face, looking down. The girdle is a light-colored, form-fitting garment with a knitted top. She is also wearing a jester's hat with bells. The background is a simple, light-colored surface.

Jantzen
truly marvelous
figuremakers



Over blue satin sheath dress, Ella Raines of "Second Face" wears satin brocade dinner skirt with matching blue background. Braided satin slippers are in same heavenly shade

Arlene Dahl of "Inside Straight" wears Rex's white velveteen beret with Hattie Carnegie cocktail suit of smoke gray velvet. The short fitted jacket has a stand-up collar



This was the month in which premieres took precedence over parties—that's for sure. And provided just as much fun and excitement, especially with some of the late spot doings that followed the super-duper pre-showings and openings. We'll take up the doings and datings and duds in chronological order and, believe us, some of the datings and some of the duds were full of surprises!

First came the colorful opening of Warner's "Break-through." Movies, we should tell you, often open later in their home town than they do elsewhere in the country. In the big turnout that laughed, cried and loved it, was John Agar, one of its stars, beaming Susan Morrow, just when (Continued on page 77)

the
hollywood
clothes line

MARCH

AIRS

Breezy gossip from Hollywood where

fashion takes the spot-

light as the girls take their places at gala openings

By Edith Gwynn

Lilli Ann

of san francisco



*city of sophisticates
and superlatives*



HORST PHOTOGRAPH
JOHN-FREDERICS HAT

*look for the
1951 Fashion Academy
Gold Medal on all
Lilli Ann suits
awarded for
exquisite design,
smooth elegance,
the custom-made look*



one of a series of marvelous new Lilli Ann suits for spring, awarded the Fashion Academy Gold Medal for 1951 for "exquisite design, superb styling, lovely fabric, fine tailoring, smooth elegance . . . the custom-made look." This one has the season's most exciting, most flattering color-stitched jacket . . . comes in finest virgin wool sheen gabardine, superbly tailored over custom innerbody with custom-like half-lined skirt . . . only in navy . . . sizes 10 through 20 . . . about ninety dollars . . . at most stores.

Photo-Plays



As the wife of Lee Bonnell and the mother of three boys, Gale Storm of "Al Jennings of Oklahoma" never thought of herself as different from other stars—until the time she surprised a certain Hollywood newspaper columnist into laying the biggest egg of his career.



The story begins the day Gale dropped by her publicity agent's office with some eggs from her chicken farm. Soon after she . . .



. . . left, the newspaper columnist strolled in, spied the eggs. "Didn't know you knew any farmers," he said. "Oh, they're from a star," replied the agent . . .



. . . "She has a chicken farm on the side." "Hmm," jeered the columnist. "Next thing you'll be telling me she's a pillar of the church!" "I'm not telling you . . .



. . . anything," the agent said. "You have to be shown—come on!" The columnist's eyes popped when, at Gale's place, they saw her with a mob of kids. "Yours?" . . .



. . . he gasped. "No," grinned Gale. "My Sunday school class!" The columnist reeled! "Gale," the agent said, "you've just cracked a hard-boiled cynic!"

Photoplay's Gold Medal Award Winners for 1950

(Continued from page 35) Now to your 1950 most enjoyed actresses—after Betty Hutton. In alphabetical order, the next four actresses you most enjoyed in various roles were: Ann Blyth in "Our Very Own"; Joan Crawford in "The Damned Don't Cry"; Claudette Colbert in "Three Came Home"; Olivia de Havilland in "The Heiress."

As for your most enjoyed actors, after John Wayne—again in alphabetical order: Broderick Crawford in "All the King's Men"; Larry Parks in "Jolson Sings Again"; Gregory Peck in "Twelve O'Clock High"; Spencer Tracy in "Father of the Bride." You will notice that three of your tops-in-enjoyment actresses acted in pictures that were *not* on your top ten picture list—Olivia de Havilland, Claudette Colbert and Joan Crawford. The same holds true for one lone male, Larry Parks.

Now for a brief look at the difference of the sexes among you the people. The women of America outdistance the men in supporting all *five* of the tops-in-enjoyment actresses. (Joan Crawford's following among women exactly doubles her following among men!) It is the women again who out-race men in rushing to see actors Gregory Peck and Larry Parks. Only two of the top ten actors and actresses have more men followers than women: Spencer Tracy and Broderick Crawford. John Wayne is an actor who is equally popular with both sexes.

IT IS interesting to know how you answer the question, "If you were passing a theater showing a movie you'd never heard of, which star's name on the marquee would immediately decide you to buy a ticket?" Your immediate reaction is that, of all the top ten players, the name Gregory Peck would lure you into a theater. After him in marquee magnetism are Olivia de Havilland and Spencer Tracy, running at a dead tie.

It is the boys and girls between twelve and seventeen who, together, form the largest group of Betty Hutton's admirers. The same holds true of Ann Blyth. Boys from twelve to seventeen are solidly behind John Wayne, and girls of the same age bracket are Larry Parks's biggest group of fans. The same girls are even more delirious about Gregory Peck—closely followed by their sisters from eighteen to thirty, and the rest of the female population from thirty-one years of age up.

It is these older women (from thirty-one up) who most like Olivia de Havilland, Claudette Colbert, and Joan Crawford—with Joan finding by far her strongest following in this group. Women of the same age also like Spencer Tracy—the actor who, alone of all the top ten stars, has his widest following among adult *men* from the age of thirty-one up. Broderick Crawford scores more than the other nine with people in the eighteen-to-thirty age group.

There are a few other fascinating facts. Big-city folk enjoy Broderick Crawford *twice* as much as country people do. And people in the lower income brackets like John Wayne better than those in the higher brackets do. All the other eight top stars are liked equally well by all people in all sizes of cities or towns.

Also, as always, you the people helped your favorite younger players shoot up in popularity during the year 1950. Elizabeth Taylor rose faster than any other young actress in your estimation, followed by Yvonne de Carlo. Among the actors, you cheered on those mad young comedians Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, giving



**Only one soap
gives your skin this**

Exciting Bouquet

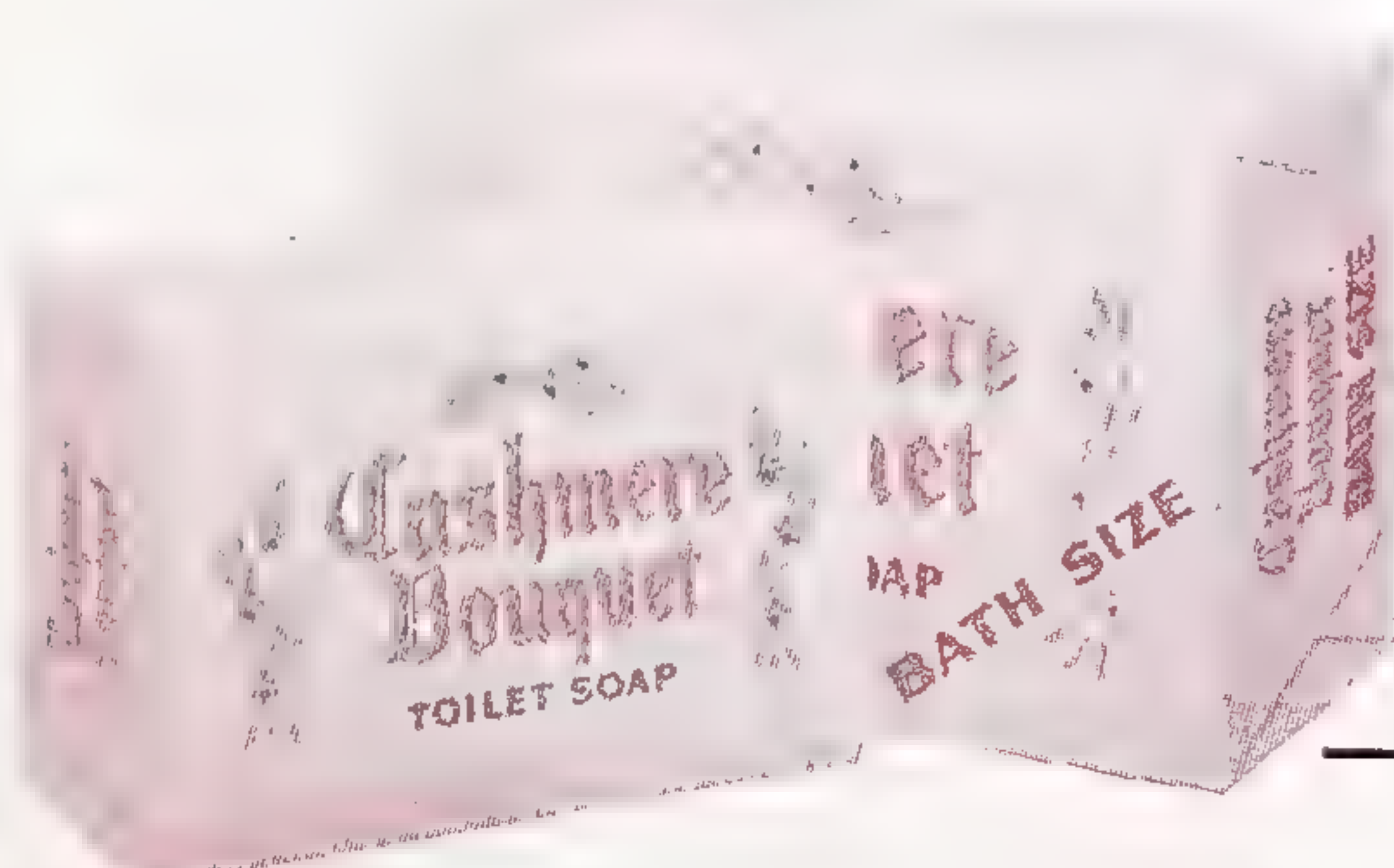
**And Cashmere Bouquet's gentle lather has been proved
outstandingly mild for all types of skin!**

Whether your skin is oily, dry or normal—here's news you'll welcome! Tests show that Cashmere Bouquet Soap is *amazingly mild!* Used regularly, it will leave skin softer, smoother, flower-fresh and younger looking. And the *fragrance* of Cashmere Bouquet is the lingering, irresistible "fragrance men love." Love is thrillingly close to the girl who is fragrant and sweet, so use Cashmere Bouquet Soap daily. Complexion

Size for face and hands, the big Bath

Size in your tub or shower!

**Complexion and
big Bath Sizes**



**Cashmere
Bouquet
Soap**

**—Adorns your skin with the
fragrance men love!**



Everybody wants to hug me! I use new

Mennen Baby Magic

SKIN CARE!

...checks diaper odor...diaper rash

Bury your nose in my warm little neck. Smell good, don't I? Smooth your hand over my chubby little body. Better than satin, isn't it? My mother treats me to Mennen Baby Magic Skin Care, after my bath and with each diaper change. Smells lovely! Feels wonderful—because it has something special in it. New, protective "Purateen"! I even caught Mom borrowing from my unbreakable Squeeze Bottle for *her* skin. Can you beat it!

I like silky-soft Mennen Baby Powder, too!

Finest, softest powder made, with that delicate rosebud scent everybody loves. Gay Mother Goose pictures on the can. Plus an exciting Built-in Rattle. Makes powder time play time. Wonderful toy, when empty.



choice of nursery colors



MENNEN

them the biggest gain in public interest. After them came the ex-war hero Audie Murphy.

Now for a new habit being acquired by you the people! You are developing a strong liking for drive-in theaters. Last July, one in eight of all movie-goers in cities of over 10,000 population watched movies from automobiles. The greatest numbers among the drive-in audience were between eighteen and thirty years of age. Also, those who live in smaller cities were far more interested in attended drive-ins than those who live in large cities . . . and oddly enough, more women went to drive-ins than men. (Our Audience Research polls have consistently shown that men and women attend the usual movie theater in equal numbers.)

ANOTHER interesting note: You wanted to see the movie, "Annie Get Your Gun," ahead of time, more than any other film in movie history—with the exception of one picture. This was "Bells of St. Mary's." Perhaps some of your interest in "Annie Get Your Gun" was aroused by the headlined newspaper accounts of Judy Garland's exit from the picture and her replacement by Betty Hutton. These unexpected publicity stories, plus the studio's advertisements, may have whetted your curiosity.

Now for a well-earned compliment to you the people. For many years you have been criticized as liking movies blindly—it has been said that you contentedly watched any movie that came your way, be it good or bad. In his best-selling book, "The Mature Mind," author H. A. Overstreet added his voice to those of your critics when he said the public was bored and frustrated, and that movies were made to "fit the day-dreams of the unsatisfied immature." Pages later, he added hopefully, ". . . the time will come in our culture when . . . motion picture producers . . . may . . . find it profitable to appeal to our maturity."

Well, Mr. Overstreet, the time *has* come. It came in 1950. Motion picture producers made pictures of top quality in story, dialogue, and acting; newspaper and magazine reviewers lauded them—and the American people approved of them overwhelmingly. In a period in our history when the public might understandably have chosen the frivolous type of film, in order to escape the anxieties surrounding us in these explosive times—it was the picture of thought-provoking magnitude that proved most popular.

Therefore we salute the excellent judgment shown by you, the people of America . . . and we present to your selected pictures and players, Photoplay's Gold Medal Awards for 1950. We of Photoplay know of no greater honor.

THE END



The National Society for Crippled Children and Adults, Inc., Chicago 3, Ill.

Are you in the know?



Which keeps your velvet duds date-worthy?

- ☐ A steam iron
- ☐ Cellophane tape
- ☐ Mothballs

Those velvets and velveteens you're strutting in, nowadays, need to be de-wrinkled. De-linted. Never *iron* velvet; hang your duds in a steam-filled bathroom. Cellophane tape wrapped around your fingers (sticky side out), picks up lint. Date-worthy clothes must have good care. And doesn't it make good sense, on "those" days, to care what kind of sanitary protection you have? Insist on Kotex. That special *safety center* gives *extra* protection. Keeps you *de-flustered*!



What to do about kingsize pores?

- ☐ Mask 'em with makeup
- ☐ Make like an owl
- ☐ Tighten up

Can your complexion take a daytime close-up? If not, you needn't play the night-owl circuit (to avoid "revealing" light). And heavy makeup's no go. To help belittle large pores, suds your face thoroughly, and *often*; then "tighten" with cold splashings and a good astringent. Come calendar time, you can take your place in the sun or limelight, confidently. For those special, *flat pressed ends* of Kotex prevent revealing outlines. No fear that anyone "knows" — with Kotex!



If his "competition" calls you, what's your cue?

- ☐ Be brief
- ☐ Linger on the line
- ☐ "Sorry, wrong number"

B-r-r-ring! And you chat for hours with the buzz boy — while your date smoulders on the family sofa. Think he's impressed? Ha . . . ha. Be brief! Else next time you're waiting for *his* call, don't ask for whom the bell rings. It's not for *you*. But at problem time, one of the 3 *Kotex absorbencies* will seem "made to order" for you. Try Regular, Junior, Super (different sizes, for different days). You'll wonder why you never thought of trying all 3 before!



How to win a reputation as a top-flight hostess —

- ☐ Hire a caterer
- ☐ Take an airlines job
- ☐ Give a "twenties" party

Want to throw the most-fun party of the season? Plan a costume jamboree — with gals rigged in their Moms' old "twenties" outfits. (And maybe the boys' Dads could supply plus-fours.) Have a Charleston contest; with prizes. And even if calendar

problems threaten you, don't retreat. Choose Kotex. With that new downy softness that *holds its shape*, you're set for hours of comfort — for Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it. So, as a confident hostess — you'll be "the bee's knees"!

Have you tried Delsey?

Delsey* is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex . . . a tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

More women choose KOTEX
than all other sanitary napkins*

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER



*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

That Old Magic

(Continued from page 38) know-how not to ruin it. But getting a good husband is something else. The bachelor girls of Hollywood are not bachelor girls because they like it, and you can say that again.

Bette Davis and Gary Merrill first met at Twentieth Century-Fox studios early one Sunday morning last April when Gary was testing for the part of the young director in "All About Eve." Bette had seen him in "Twelve O'Clock High." And she had heard his voice over the air many times on such New York radio programs as "Theater Guild," "Helen Hayes Theater," "Gangbusters," and "Superman." But the two had never met until that eventful Sunday morning.

"Certainly wonderful of you to come to the studio on a Sunday," Gary said to her.

"For this part," said Bette, "I would come to the studio seven days and nights a week."

THE first two weeks the company worked at the Curran Theater in San Francisco. Bette, who usually has more pep than a bottle of vitamin pills, was a mess. Her marriage with artist William Grant Sherry had ended disastrously, and in brutal headlines. She was hurt, humiliated and heartsick. She kept strictly to herself. Bette never dramatizes herself. If she has a problem to work out she never discusses it with anyone. As Perc Westmore, formerly director of make-up and hair styling at Warner Brothers, once told me, "If Bette's heels went da-da-da down the corridor in the morning I'd know she was in high spirits and we'd have lots of yaks. But if they went dum—dum—dum I knew she was worried and would sit in silence for hours."

In the Curran Theater those heels went dum—dum—dum. The cast was considerate and busy. They left Bette alone. "I was miserable, utterly," said Bette. But one member of the cast was most sympathetic. Gary Merrill. Would Miss Davis like coffee? A cigarette? A sandwich? Someone murdered?

"You don't know when you fall in love," Bette answered the question I shot at her. "I guess I just liked Gary from the beginning—that's all. I met a guy I thought was wonderful. And we fell in love while working in the picture."

"Following the first kiss?" I suggested. "Possibly the second," said conservative New England Bette.

And she added hastily, "Now, really, I'm too old for romance stories. That's kid stuff. Let's just say I am wonderfully happy. I feel that this is a good marriage."

Back at the Hollywood studio Anne Baxter, George Sanders, Celeste Holm and other members of the company noted that Miss Davis and Mr. Merrill found a lot of things to discuss in Miss D's dressing room. Once more her heels went da-da-da across the set, once more she laughed easily and heartily in the Davis manner.

Following Gary Merrill's El Paso divorce (he was married in 1941 to Barbara Leeds but had long been separated) Bette flew out from New England where she had been vacationing with her family and daughter Barbara. Bette and Gary were married in Juarez, Mexico, on July 28th.

"We drove East after we were married," said Bette. "I have driven across the country several times in the past, but Gary never had done so. And he thinks he never will again. One thing was great fun. We stopped at auto courts all across the country and were seldom recognized." They carried cameras along. "We tried

to take a few snapshots of each other for the fun of it," said Bette. But after a half-hearted go at photography they gave it up. Neither of them knows one end of a camera from the other. "Gary thought we should have a few pictures of our honeymoon for the records. He isn't a sentimental person ordinarily."

Maybe not ordinarily. But about some things Gary can be very sentimental. He didn't want Bette to see "All About Eve" (some couples have *their* song, but Bette and Gary have *their* picture) without him. So when it was shown in Hollywood recently at a gala premiere at Grauman's Chinese, Bette appeared for publicity purposes, in the forecourt where the day before she had planted her feet in cement. She refused to see the film until Gary got back from Germany and she could see it with him.

Despite the fact that she describes herself as stubborn, balky and opinionated, Bette is as sentimental as a Victorian lady with lace cap and rustling taffeta gown. She rarely makes new friends because she loves her old ones so much. And when she was making "Payment on Demand" at RKO last winter she had little Barbara play a scene with her in the film.

"A sentimental gesture, utterly," said Bette. Then she eagerly pointed out that Barbara had received \$55 for speaking one line. "Not bad for the child of an actress who once struggled along for ages on \$35 a week," said Bette proudly.

Bette and Gary honeymooned at Westport Island in Maine. They lived in one of the back-to-nature shacks, sans bathroom. Little three-and-a-half-year-old Barbara visited them for a week, and was completely dismayed by the *Chic Sale*. Bette did the cooking on a wood stove by the light of a kerosene lamp. Bette has never been one to take an active interest in cooking. But Westport Island brought out a hitherto undiscovered domestic streak. "I specialized in soups," said Bette. "Definitely not the kind that comes out of cans. It was quite an experience cooking on a wood stove. Maine was dry this summer and we had to have bottled water. Between bringing in the wood for the stove and rowing the boat over to the mainland for water, Gary was a very busy groom."

AT the end of three weeks the Merrills moved on to Prouts Neck, Maine, where they spent two months—up until the time Gary had to leave for Germany to appear in "Legion of the Damned" for Twentieth.

"Gary used to spend summers at Prouts Neck when he was a child," said Bette. "I spent my childhood summers at nearby Ocean Park."

I asked Bette to describe Gary Merrill. "I don't know how to describe him," said Bette. "When he was born the mould was broken. He's definitely an individualist. He doesn't care what anyone thinks of him. He does what he believes in—and that's that. This I envy in him very much. I care a great deal what people think of me. And I am always compromising with my better judgment."

Gary Merrill is an actor's actor. He loves to act, and lives to act. Unlike so many New York actors, he doesn't think of pictures as a "gravy train" and "a way to make a fast buck." Born in Windsor, Connecticut, he has always wanted to be an actor as far back as he can remember. To please his father, an insurance man, Gary attended Bowdoin College, where he received some excellent advice from the Dean. . . . "If acting is what you want to do, don't waste four years here."

Best advice he's ever had, he thinks. He dropped out of college in 1935 and entered the Hilda Spong dramatic school in New York.

"He usually looks like a beachcomber," said Bette. "He lives in dungarees and a plaid shirt. And has the blackest beard in history."

When it comes to a sense of humor and a love of gags, the Merrills are a photo finish. A New York stage and radio actor, Gary was completely thrown off by the long waits (camera set-ups usually) between scenes in pictures. When he was making "Where the Sidewalk Ends" he gathered up all the cigarette butts he could find on the stage and scattered them around his chair in his dressing room. When the assistant director appeared at the door to call him to the set he said, "Look, I've been waiting so long I'm a nervous wreck."

BETTE likes to play along with a gag. At a Warner Brothers party several years ago (Bette was under contract to Warners for seventeen years and was called the Fourth Warner Brother, a name given her by Bob Hope) Bette, with tongue in cheek, played herself in a sketch called "The Strange Career of Bette Davis." The sketch started with the day way back in 1932 when Bette Davis first came to the Burbank studio, and Jack Warner (played in the skit by Robert Alda) informed her, "I can't hire you, my girl. You can't even spell 'Betty' correctly. I'm sure you aren't very bright." And ended, several scenes later, with Bette sitting in Jack Warner's chair, her feet on his desk, smoking a cigar.

At Gary's request Bette recently rented the Dick Barthelmess house on the beach between Santa Monica and Malibu. "It's a poem of a place," said Bette. "Gary is rabid about being near the ocean. He wouldn't live any place else. I love it too." The week before he returned from Germany she spent "pushing furniture around" and "up to my ears in pots and pans." A natural born putterer is Miss Davis. Her home at Laguna which holds so many unhappy memories for her is up for sale. Bette is not particularly an athletic person, but she likes to swim. Most of all she likes to play on the beach with little Beedee. "Gary is heaven with Beedee," she said.

Dell, Bette's cook, who has been with her since 1933, and who makes as big a production out of poaching an egg as a chef does out of *crepes suzettes*, has been installed in the new beach house, and has joined the Merrills' mutual admiration society.

The only other member of the household is Claus, Gary's rottweiler (a dog of the Doberman family) who is so named because Gary found him at Christmas time.

Happiness and domesticity will never keep Bette from making pictures. "I'll keep working," she said, "until they have to wheel me in on the set. Terrifying, isn't it?"

While Gary was in Germany he was discussing the merits of various American and English stars with a young British army officer who hadn't the slightest idea that Gary was married to Bette. Since Gary was most complimentary about Vivien Leigh and Jean Simmons, the Britisher thought he'd better say something nice about American stars. "Well," he said, "at least you have Bette Davis."

"I sure have," said Gary enthusiastically. And that's for sure.

THE END

(Continued from page 70) everybody thought Mona Knox was the gal he couldn't do without. Also, Wanda Hendrix, looking real cute in a shortish white evening gown, topped by a little black evening wrap with tiny matching muff, was with newsman Nils Larson (but her newest crush is designer Bob Boyle); and Ann Miller was with Charles Isaacs (Eva Gabor's ex) and not hotel man Conrad Hilton, as everyone would expect.

What's more, Ann got lost from Charles and, when we last saw her, she was wandering around the parking lot looking for him or his car. Ann was all done up in a slinky, floor-length, very tight silver lame gown and a white mink cape-stole. (You couldn't imagine a more divine costume for searching—huh?) . . . Joan Crawford was there man-less, with the Frank Love-joys—and Frank is so-o-o good in "Break-through." Ditto for David Brian who with his wife, Adrian Booth, drove up in an Army jeep and got a big hand from the crowd in front of the theater.

There were a lot of Marine generals and Army brass at the inspiring ceremonies on stage preceding the picture. Others who enjoyed them were the Gordon MacRaes, Janet Leigh, with Tony Curtis (she wore bouffant blue taffeta, mucho tiny flowers in the center of the bodice and more in her hair), Gene Nelson with Miriam Franklin Nelson, Bob Stack with Claudette Thornton, stunning in a rather tailored blue faille, floor-length evening gown. She's his best girl—and don't let anyone tell you different! He even goes shopping with her and helps pick out some of the lovely things she wears. We know because we caught 'em at it in Beverly Hills!

Tall, statuesque Pat Neal was stunning in a very elegant gown that was a pale yellow sheath, embroidered all over in paillettes that shaded from yellow to gold. It had a new feature in a strapless bodice of gray taffeta that looked almost like a "raised sash"—with its hanging drape starting from just above the waistline, that terminated in two wide panels sweeping almost to the floor. She wore a lot of heavy gold jewelry—so knockout with the knockout color combination of yellow and gray, anyway!

Mocambo really has started (?) something with its Monday night Community Sings! Sure—we know this sorta thing has been going on for years and you may ask, "How corny can they get in Filmtown? But the supposed sophisticates around here went m-a-a-d for the old fashioned tunes, the colored slides flashed on the portable screen at the end of the dance floor and joined in with such vigor, we couldn't help but wonder where in heck did all these ringsiders, including plenty of almost youngsters, learn all the words???

ANYWAY, with Harry Crocker as m.c. and radio star Art Baker "conducting" (and singing) the vocals; with an impromptu barroom quartet composed of Bob Stack, restaurateur Dave Chasen, sports writer Vince Flaherty, and Charlie Farrell singing "By the Sea" plus "When Irish Eyes are Smiling"; and other celebrity volunteers winning such prizes as a turkey, a sack of oranges, a live pig and a case of champagne, it was really fun. Mocambo is replacing its Charleston nights with the Community Sings—at least for a while—and they're sure going over! And why not, when Freddie Carger, whose great and for the most part, hot little band that plays most of the better parties, gives with the dance music on these occasions?

Barbara Payton and Franchot Tone, a two soon to be one, Vic Damone with Susan Cabot, Louella O. Parsons, Yvonne

different

as snowflakes

"Snowflake" Bentley,

the homespun Vermont scientist,
proved with thousands of pictures
that no two snowflakes are exactly alike.

Millions of housewives,

in more millions of washings, have proved
there's no soap exactly like Fels-Naptha

. . . nothing else that washes sheets, shirts,

and all white goods literally "as white as snow."

For downright ability to keep clothes clean there's

nothing like soap . . . and no soap like Fels-Naptha.

Use Fels-Naptha Chips in your machine or tub.

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De Carlo with Jock O'Mahoney (her ex-fiance) who are dating again—after busting up with all those recriminations—remember? Janie Powell and Geary Steffen, the Ezio Pinzas, Marta Toren and Ronald Reagan—were just a handful who joined the chorus.

At Mocambo, late the other night, we saw Lana Turner, Bob Topping, Ava Gardner with her manager, Ben Cole, and the Van Heflins tabled together. Also producer Bill Dozier with Linda Darnell, Linda, smart gal, knows that a gorgeous brunette looks even more gorgeous in simple white and was gowned thusly.

LANA looked more luscious than usual (if that's possible) in a low-cut black satin gown, even lower than *that* in a heart shape cut at center bodice where she pinned her beautiful wing-like diamond clips. Her hair was piled very high with very blonde braids (falsie or otherwise) and we were sitting close enough to note that the three or four small diamond clips that studded her hair-do were either a couple of pairs of diamond earrings she wasn't using that evening, or a few odd diamond clips she had lying around the house. But they weren't rhinestones, Toots!

Jeanne Crain with Paul Brinkman (she in deep rose satin, white ermine wrap and lots of rhinestone jewelry), the Danny Kayes, Joan Crawford in a dream dress of red taffeta (one bare shoulder—the other heavily covered with deeper red roses), Glenn Ford and Eleanor Powell were other stay-up-laters.

Knowing how much Linda Darnell and Bill Dozier are seeing each other, and ditto for Joan Fontaine and Collier Young, we really had to blink catching Dozier and Joan F. cozily and happily laffing over dinner together at La Rue a few nights later. She looked so smart that evening in a street dress that was a long-sleeved sheath of emerald-green wool jersey, over which she wore a belted, sleeveless jerkin of rust-colored velveteen with a huge "jewel" encrusted gold arrow thrust through the belt of rust-colored leather. The Robin Hood effect was completed with Joan's tiny, green felt peaked hat from which a long stiff quill jutted forward.

Then, of course, there was an opening of another sort—meaning the Hollywood Park race track. And that certainly has never been nor would be complete without hoss owners and hoss lovers, Betty Grable and Harry James. La Grable was wearing another of her perennial favorites at the track that day, a pencil-straight, slim-hipped (wot else?) dress-maker suit of light cocoa-brown wool. Tailored, yet with feminine touches in the way of stitching and shaping in the matter of its coat collar and cuffs, and with buttons covered with the suit material. Hip-length coat was slightly nipped in at the waist. Only one pocket—a breast pocket on the jacket. The skirt was so tight that only its slit permitted walking with ease. Betty's gloves, shoes and bag were of darker brown cobra. Her hat was a matching tiny flat felt with a little gros-grain ribbon cockade toward the front.

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Star

"GOOD BEHAVIOR" SLIPS

Now then, we come to just about the most enjoyable "opening" of 'em all! But with the movies of such quality already mentioned, how can we or anyone say "most" anything about it? However, we never expect to witness a more hilarious event than the press preview (though it turned out to be a "ball" for the town's toppers besides!) of "Born Yesterday"! And take our word, a new star was born. Of course, we mean Judy Holliday, who scored a hit in the play on Broadway, who almost *didn't* get the screen version for her very own!

And that's what the picture turned out to be—*her* very own! We sure hope the rumor that it won't be released for many months yet, isn't true. What a treat you-all have coming in this hilarious movie that Judy just wraps up and walks away with! Never have heard such raves from old-timers and newcomers as those that were heard when the lights went up.

You could still hear them later at Mocambo because it happened to be the same night that Carl Brisson bowed in at that spot. And what a big success he scored. His dotter-in-law, Rosalind Russell, wasn't the only applauder for Carl, whose vitality and attractiveness continues to amaze everyone. Van Johnson got up and sang a chorus of "Oh, You Beautiful Doll" with him, as did Red Skelton. Adele Jergens, in a lovely short evening gown of amethyst chiffon, Betty Garrett and Larry Parks, Esther Williams and Ben Gage, Patricia Medina (in a short, simple, puff-sleeved black velvet cocktail dress) with Richard Greene (together but *not* yet reconciled), Terry Moore and Roddy McDowall, the John Dereks, Rhonda Fleming with Ronald Reagan (he sure gets around!), the Jerome Courtlands—were some of the ringsiders who called Brisson back for more and more encores.

And oh, gee!—nearly forgot—Shelley Winters was re-dating with Farley Granger. But what we started to say was that Shelley got herself all done up in a very "nakedy" black sequin evening gown, complete with masses of pale silver blue mink for a wrap and special hair-do—the works! Then Farley showed up to take her to the "Born Yesterday" preview all *un-done* in a sports suit plus blue shirt! She told a reporter, "I could have killed him!"

THE END



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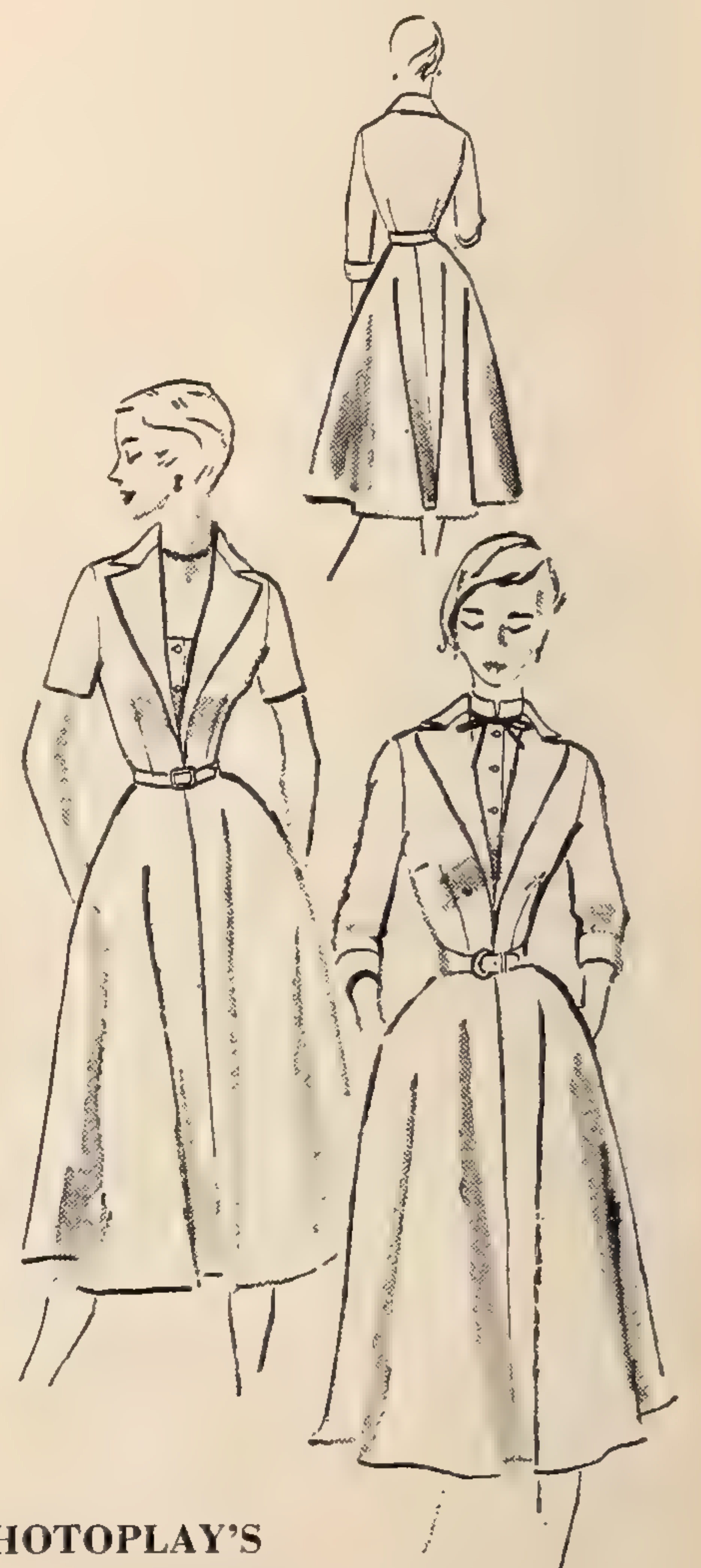
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PHOTOPLAY'S PATTERN

OF THE MONTH

Detailed drawings, above, of the Kathryn Grayson dress on page 68

When Trouble Comes in Pairs

(Continued from page 53) exactly love movie mamas!

Lana Turner's husband, Bob Topping, expressed his views emphatically when the script of "A Life of Her Own" was in preparation. Bob didn't like the story which originally opened with Lana as a middle-aged woman and worked backward. So—the changes Bob insisted upon were made. As things turned out, he should have insisted more than he did. The movie, even with the changes, was not good. During the early production battles, however, Mr. Topping was not exactly popular at Lana's studio. Probably Lana isn't as burningly ambitious as she was before her marriage to Bob, who reputedly has millions. And it's understandable that money sometimes removes the incentive to work. I have an idea she'd give it all up for a couple of babies—or even one.

JUNE ALLYSON laughs now when I remind her how a certain producer at her studio predicted that her promising career would go down the drain of dreams if she went through with her plan to marry Dick Powell. But time has proved that marriage to Dick, or Richard, as June still calls him, was exactly right for her personal life and her career. The stability at home leaves June free to concentrate on her acting. Dick and June love to work together, they discuss their scripts at home, and find life very wonderful.

I'm wondering how the marriage of Tyrone Power to Linda Christian will affect his movie career. That's a mating of opposites. Ty, who used to enjoy dashing around the world in his plane, now prefers to stay put. Linda is restless, roams everywhere—even when expecting a baby—flying to Siam, to Honolulu, to Paris, to Rome, to Scandinavia. No one will ever know how disappointed Ty was at the two-time cancellation of the stork, because he isn't a boy who talks about those things. Ty knows the value of a dollar. Money for Linda is just something you spend. Linda is now resuming her movie career. I hope it is not because she is bored by matrimony.

The immediate effect of Greer Garson's marriage to Buddy Fogelson was pretty startling. His health became the number one project in her up-till-then career-conscious life! His cattle became more important to Greer than her movies. But she is happier down on the farm in Sante Fe with her all-white glamour cows and bulls than she ever was on a sound stage. So, Buddy has helped Greer, if not with her career, with her life, which of course is the more important.

It's very cute to watch Vivien Leigh, after any performance with or without her husband, Sir Laurence Olivier, automati-

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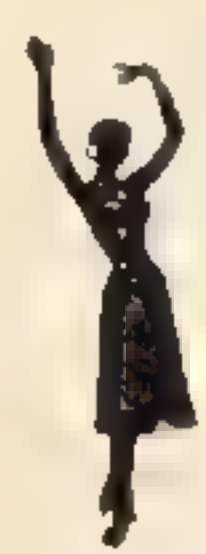
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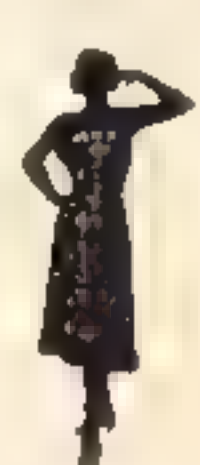
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cally glance towards him for approval. Even when their "Romeo and Juliet" laid an egg on Broadway, Vivien still looked toward Larry for approval. In her sight her mate can do no wrong.

I met the Oliviers first in 1937 in London after they had just returned from Denmark, where they had starred on the stage in "Hamlet." Ever since that first "Hamlet" they have pooled their public and private lives. In fact, you wouldn't know where the working life ends and the home begins. Even before their marriage, Vivien accompanied Larry to Hollywood where he was to appear in "Wuthering Heights," with no thought of making a movie herself. Then David Selznick starred her in "Gone with the Wind." And they were both on the way up.

TO get back to Juliet, it is fantastic that Olivia de Havilland has shelved her Hollywood career, for two years probably, to play Juliet on Broadway and across the country. She just couldn't find the right picture to make in Hollywood. Fiddlesticks! Other top actresses are finding them, so why couldn't Olivia? A lot of people in Hollywood will tell you the answer. Marcus Goodrich, her husband. Mark, who spent ten years writing his first book, "Delilah," and who has been working on the second for about five years now, has taken over one hundred per cent the publicity, pictures, plays, pals, personal appearances, everything pertaining to Olivia. She will stand or fall on the advice of her husband. I hope for her sake that he is the best qualified person to give it.

You'd think that getting married to a good director would be the quickest cut to helping a girl with her career. Well, Judy Garland married a very good director and a very understanding man, Vincente Minnelli. Don't get me wrong, Vince is not responsible for Judy's emotional difficulties. Fate has done that to her. All I want to say is, that being married to Vince didn't bring Judy the calm private life perspective she needs and must have to be able to continue with her career.

Vincente, like Judy, is a creative artist, a man with all the emotion and excitement and turbulence that is part of show business genius, or any other genius. It's obvious that he has failed to help Judy as much as she needs. And that's a pity, because in spite of the present status of their marriage—with their separation announced formally—I think they respect and love each other.

When Betty Grable reported for work one morning with a black eye, the rumor-mongers worked overtime spreading stories of trouble in the Grable-James household. Betty had a perfectly legitimate explanation for the shiner. Something about backing her car into the wrong door of her garage. But even though Betty never complains, it must be a little difficult sometimes to concentrate on your career when your other half is away from home fifty per cent of the year, doing one night stands with his band all over the country.

Recently, in reply to some insistent rumors, Betty made a secret dash to see Harry in the East in the week between the end of one picture and the start of rehearsals for the next. She looked a bit ragged on her return. But the next morning she was toeing the line on the rehearsal stage and no one will ever know what went on in her mind behind the smiling mask.

When Clark Gable married Lady Sylvia Ashley Fairbanks Stanley, you could have knocked Hollywood over with an adjective. The rugged outdoor guy and the fragile wisp of femininity. It couldn't last, and it could hurt Clark in his picture career, said the know-it-alls. And we all think

we are. It has lasted more than a year, anyway. They seem happy. And Clark is suddenly madly ambitious about his movie career. Maybe with Sylvia's helpful advice, Clark will make some good pictures again. One thing she has done is to loosen the Gable purse-strings. He must have parted with quite a few thousand dollars in the alteration and re-decoration of his small farm in the Valley.

Danny Kaye was unsuccessful as an entertainer until his wife Sylvia wrote the words for him to mouth on the stage and screen. I believe Danny appeared in England years and years ago and was a howling flop. So he certainly owes an awful lot to Sylvia. That is why I was flabbergasted that time when they separated and it was believed that Danny was ready to leave Sylvia for a well-known blonde actress. Danny apparently realized his need or his debt to Sylvia in time. And, although she no longer functions as his associate producer, she *did* write the songs for his "On the Riviera" picture.

The Alan Ladd-Sue Carol combination has been a thousand per cent successful. Sue wisely stepped aside as Alan's agent shortly after they married. But Alan never makes a step or a professional move without Sue's counsel. She is frequently with him on the set. She goes along on his location trips. They are together twenty-four hours, day in and night out. And no two people in Hollywood are happier.

How about Van Johnson and his wife Evie, formerly married to Keenan Wynn? For awhile there, things were pretty rocky, professionally and privately. Some of the fans objected to the circumstances of the marriage. Van, unaccustomed to the usual restraint of any marriage, was restless. There were quarrels, doubts, and "Did I do the right thing?" misgivings. That is over apparently. It's a happy place, the new big house in Beverly Hills, with little Schuyler and the two boys, Edwin and Tracy Wynn. And Van's pictures are again making money for his bosses.

I DON'T know how much good the new Mrs. Errol Flynn will do career-wise to her forty-year-old Prince Charming. But he certainly has proved a shot in the arm or what-have-you to the professional prospects of Pat. Very few people had ever heard of her before Errol wooed and won her during the "Rocky Mountain" picture. As Mrs. Errol Flynn, who knows how far she will go?

There is talk that Lauren Bacall, who now has agreed to make one picture a year, wants to retire from the screen. I'm prepared to believe it, because Baby has never been ambitious—Bogey has been ambitious for her. He actually wanted to take a poke at the critics who panned her performance in "Confidential Agent," a picture which incidentally was stolen by a little girl called Wanda Hendrix, whose career was to take a downward dip after she married war hero Audie Murphy.

To get back to Mrs. Bogart, she has been good for Bogey. But for her steadying influence, there might have been many more panda incidents. Bogey is fifty years old. He is nearly double the age of his wife. He's lucky to have her. And he knows it.

Has marriage to Aly helped Princess Rita Hayworth? Well, she hasn't made any pictures in the past two years. But can you see the scramble to the box office for the next? I'm told that "Stromboli" has paid back its cost, and made a profit. What would have happened if the Ingrid Bergman-Rossellini picture had been good?

Picking the perfect partner is not easy. But it's darn important for a movie star whose career success and happiness so often depend on the "other half's" reactions.

THE END

Man Alive!

(Continued from page 43) selecting the other boys to go to Annapolis with the company. I've never been sorry, for that was the beginning of a relationship that has been one of the joys of my life.

The following summer, Duke came out to the location of a Western we were making out in Newhall and hit me up for a job. He began driving a prop truck and before the vacation ended, he was an assistant prop man. He liked the work so well he never did get back to college, which probably saved a lot of wear and tear on the USC campus.

Duke's energy always has been inexhaustible. He's always seemed to have before him the perpetual challenge of the big man—to do everything better, and harder, and longer than anyone else. He was never afraid of work. But I recall that he almost fell over from fright the first time I asked him to fill in for a bit player who'd failed to show up.

"Who, me?" he said.

"Yes, you, you big lug," I yelled at him. "Get in there with your coat on."

DUKE wasn't very good in his first few screen performances, particularly in the love scenes. It isn't easy to be romantic with your foot in your mouth. But even then, he had the tawny ease which makes for great screen presence.

Today, Duke is a veteran of more than 150 motion pictures, a respected performer, and one of Hollywood's most valuable names at the box office. During the past two years, he's climbed from a position of obscurity to the very top of every survey conducted. Every studio in town is convinced that having Duke in a film is the positive insurance of its success. I have always thought so. Often I have wondered why both the public and the studio executives were so slow about catching on.

You see, it isn't enough for an actor to look the part and say his lines well. Something else has to come across to audiences—something which no director can instill or create—the quality of being a real man.

To this day, I would not call Duke an actor. He is a reactor. Put him in a dramatic situation and he reacts to it as he would in real life. That kind of performance makes for fine, believable motion pictures.

That is largely why, years ago, I wanted John Wayne to play the lead in "Stagecoach." He was by no means a finished performer. But he was the only person I could think of at the time who could personify great strength and determination without talking much. That sounds easy, perhaps. But it's not. Either you have it or you don't.

In all of the adventure films which he has made for me—"Stagecoach," "The Long Voyage Home," "Fort Apache," "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon," "Rio Grande," and others—Duke's power as a man has contributed immeasurably to the integrity of those films.

Even when Duke was a brash youngster just out of school, I enjoyed his company. I have tried a million times to get his goat but have achieved it less than a

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Girls

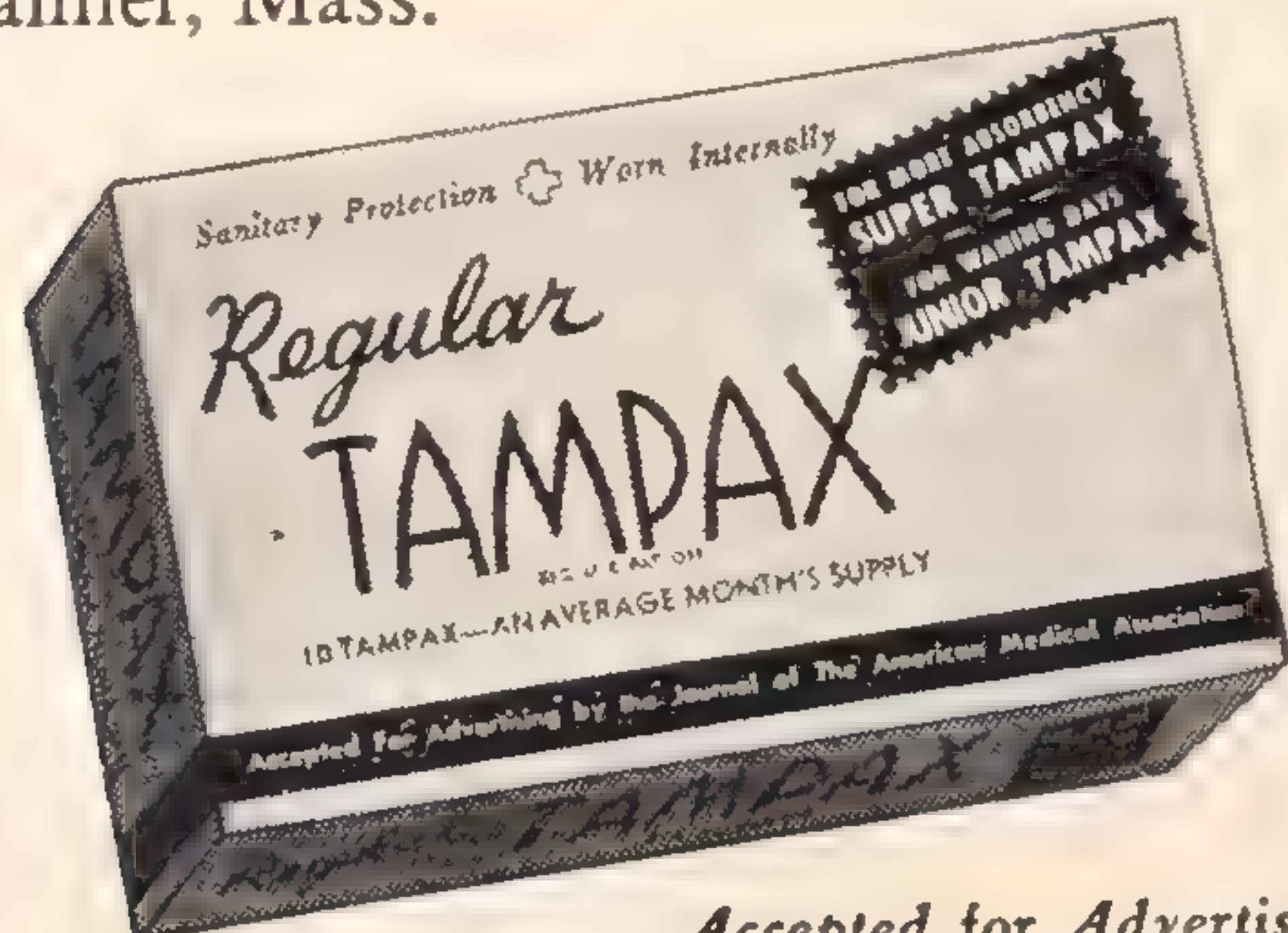
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hundred, which is not much of a batting average for an Irishman.

I have spent a large part of my leisure time fishing with Duke in Mexican waters. You can learn a lot from the way a man conducts himself on a fishing trip. Not necessarily how he spits on his bait, or hauls in a fish, or even how many fish he catches. It's more than that. I think it's a question of a man's capacity to enjoy himself, to relax completely, and throw off his pretensions. Duke has always been able to enjoy life . . . to swallow it and digest it in big, unchewed pieces. Depending upon the circumstances, he can be a roughneck or a perfect gentleman. He plays a hard-driving, if somewhat costly, game of poker. He has fought enough fights to prove rather conclusively that he is not a man to fight with. And he has, without any apparent effort, learned to handle himself with dignity and charm.

I'M glad to be able to say that my affection for this boy has not been wasted. In Hollywood, it would be a dull day indeed if he did not at least once a day drop by my office, or call me on the phone, to discuss a problem, an idea, or a piece of news. I have come to expect it as a part of my life. I trust it will surprise no one to have me say that Duke has a bubbling, vital mind and an enthusiasm for new projects that would make him a welcome friend to any man.

Perhaps it is unduly sentimental of me to mention that for years Duke has been trying to get his hats to look as battered and well-worn as mine. He tried sitting on them, soaking them, jumping on them and, lately, exchanging them for mine when my back was turned. They still don't look comfortable on him. A hat, I keep telling him, must mature with the man before it looks as if it belongs on his head. Still, I can't think of another man with whom I'd willingly trade hats.

By keeping his eyes and ears open, Duke has come to know a respectable amount about the way motion pictures are made. During his twenty years in this business, he has been a prop man, electrician, stunt man, extra, bit player, assistant director, producer and a star. It would not surprise me to see him direct a movie that would make people sit up and take notice.

During the past two years, Duke has set a pace for himself that would have worn an average man down to his shoelaces. In that time, he has worked in a half dozen films and managed the production details of another. Last year, I could not help but laugh when he installed a gym outfit in his garage because he was too busy to go to the club—and then found that he was too busy to use it. But if physical fitness were the sole measure of our span, Duke would probably be the last man on earth to perish.

Nevertheless, he has begun, in recent years, to pay particular attention to his health. Every now and then he will talk himself into feeling peaked. He will walk around as though he were on his last legs. Then he will drive down to a rest home near La Jolla and spend a couple of days. When he comes back to Hollywood, he rushes out to tell everyone he meets that he never felt better in his life. That must be a magic place.

In fact, he has become so busy of late that he will not even allow himself to do the things he really enjoys. Except for his brief vacation to Santa Catalina last year, Duke has steadfastly resisted the temptation of such old pleasures as hunting and fishing. Several years ago, however, he decided that what he needed was

a purposeful hobby that would allow him to do something creative with his hands. He looked in vain until one day when he met a screen-writer friend who made ceramics in his garage. Ceramics, Duke decided, were exactly what he had been dreaming of. So he asked his friend to drop a gentle hint to his wife Chata, that he would like a ceramics outfit for Christmas. Although she had already bought Duke's presents, Chata went out and purchased a kiln, shelves, stilts, pyrometric cones, clay and modeling tool and gave them to her husband.

The other day, the screen writer happened to meet Duke at lunch and inquired how he liked working with pottery by now. Duke told him that he has been too busy to try it yet but that the kiln made a fine place to keep his old shoes.

On every motion picture, there is at least one day when nothing seems to work out right. A horse will whinny just as the hero is whispering significant nothing into the girl's pink ear. The stunt men will miss their cues. Or the sun will go behind the clouds just as the camera starts rolling on the most complicated long shot of the day. When things are going wrong, Duke is a mighty fine man to have around. He will run half the length of the valley to tell the second unit that we are planning to shoot another take. He rarely asks a man to do a job he can do himself, and for that, he is well liked by the crews he works with.

The background scenes for our best Western dramas have taken us into the most desolate country imaginable. The scenes for "Rio Grande" were shot near Moab, Utah, and Duke was given another opportunity to roam the wilds. I do not think that he would ever be happy if his acting career were confined to sound stages; it would be like caging a mountain lion. He needs the out-of-doors to measure himself against.

When Duke is working in close quarters on a sound stage, it requires a real effort to keep him sitting still. Somewhere I have read statistics which claim the average housewife walks three miles a day in her home. Duke could pace the off while waiting for his next take, or smoke a half dozen cigarettes in the bargain. I could not think of a more horrible way to torture him than to tie him so his movements were completely restricted and then show him motion pictures of people walking. It would drive him crazy.

HE is just now at the time in his life and in his career when all of the honors which Hollywood and the movie-going public can bestow upon him, will be coming his way. Last summer, I went over to Reno, Nevada, with him to attend John Wayne Day, during which he received that city's annual award for the best Western performance of the year "She Wore a Yellow Ribbon." He was infinitely more interested in the people he met there than in the trophy.

"Pretty thing, isn't it?" he said, handing me the trophy to inspect. "But it's so important as the idea behind it."

Frankly, I don't believe that there is an honor, a testimonial, or an award which Duke cannot bear in good grace, and like the true gentleman that he is beneath his roughneck exterior. Years ago, just before we made "Stagecoach," I told Duke that he had a great future ahead of him. If it were not already so obvious, I would tell him the same thing today. He's a boy.

THE END

Faith and Five Million Dollars

(Continued from page 62) Peters. Susan told Faith she was visiting there with a large group from Hollywood. They had hired a yacht, "The Zama," for the day. "Come aboard for lunch?" Susan invited—and Faith, who had never been on a yacht, accepted eagerly. On board she was introduced to a "Mr. Hughes," a very quiet, thin man with dark eyes. "I thought he was the Captain," she says now. "He had a Captain's cap on. And he stayed in the background, didn't join in the party much. He seemed lonely—so I went over and talked to him."

Faith knew too well the feeling of loneliness. She could still remember the laughter of her school friends and their mockery of her lisp. She had experienced too, so recently, the feeling of aloneness in the hospital at night when she had wondered whether she would live—or if she would even want to—so she chattered away. She was still wide-eyed about her Warner contract. But mostly she talked about what she fondly believed was "his job," about the ocean, the weather, navigation and ship lore. "I didn't know anything about boats—I still don't," she says, "but I thought he seemed lonely and I wanted to talk about something that would interest him."

IF Hughes was amused by the chubby fifteen-year-old, with the sympathetic eyes, who lisped when she talked—and who talked so much—he didn't show it. "What a nice man the Captain is," Faith said to Susan Peters later as she prepared to go ashore. "I'd be willing to sail around the world with a man like that in command." Susan looked amazed. "Don't you know whom you've been talking to?" she asked. "That was Howard Hughes!"

Faith didn't know then how prophetic her words were, how she was to embark on a ten-year trip to fame—with Howard Hughes completely in command.

Just why the millionaire industrialist chose to gamble on her—probably nobody will ever know. "I've thought about it many times," Faith says now, "and I've wondered—"

Howard Hughes, however, has a reputation for doing the unprecedented. After Jean Harlow had been turned down by every producer in Hollywood he personally directed her into renown in "Hell's Angels." He gambled on another unknown with Jane Russell, who today has evolved as a star of international proportions. Whether he visualized Faith's photogenic possibilities as the provocative sultry screen type he has always preferred, or whether he was impressed by the warm spirit of the little friendly teenager who singled him out so sympathetically—who is to know?

Faith had come to California with her parents when she was six years old. In Beverly Hills, her father had continued in the automobile business and Faith had entered a Catholic grammar school.

Her early years had been unhappy. Her playmates' mimicry had kept her in tears, "so I would go home and play by myself," she says. "I was always making up little plays—pretending." Alone, she could even pretend to be the star of the school plays—"I was never the leading lady in those plays. I had to be a tree in the background. For when I read for a part I would get nervous and lisp still more."

Faith was put into a special speech class in school. She studied poetry and learned to give a fine, if lisp-y, reading of Joyce Kilmer's "Trees"—and of her favorite passage from "Invictus" which she still quotes today.

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"I didn't even know what it meant, but I loved it—" she says. She was to need that "unconquerable soul" more than she knew.

The horrible accident that threatened to disfigure her happened when a friend from St. Monica's high school was driving her home—"He made a left turn off Wilshire—that's all I remember," she says. Another car hit them broadside and Faith was pitched through the windshield. "I came to in the hospital three days later. My face was bandaged and the back of my head was like a jig-saw puzzle! I asked no questions. I didn't dare."

THE day the bandages were taken off, Faith would allow no one in the room. "That was when I prayed as I had never prayed before."

Some months later, at the insistence of a family friend who'd always thought she should be in the movies, Faith went to Warner Brothers studios. With her was the agent, Henry Willson, whom her friend had interested in her. She didn't tell her parents. They hoped she would go to college. For she really didn't expect anything to come of the venture. But after testing her, the studio offered her a seven-year contract, starting at \$150 a week, and changed her name to Faith Dorn. "I must have photographed fairly well. They didn't say anything about my voice—but when I heard it over the sound track I was terrified!"

Then, Howard Hughes, back in Hollywood from Balboa, got her test from Warner Brothers, talked to her parents, and began negotiations that resulted not only in his taking over her contract, but in buying her away from her agent, too, so he could control her career completely. He called a now slightly awed Faith into his office. This time he did the talking. He told her he had no immediate plans to put her in pictures. "But," he told her, "if you work very hard, if you're patient, and if you have confidence in me—some day you will be one of the biggest stars in Hollywood."

He changed her name back to Domergue "because it looks nice when it's written," he said. In her physical appearance he would allow no changes other than an improvement in her figure and a loss of weight which brought her to her present 120 pounds. He personally interviewed prospective coaches. And he engaged her tutor. Faith studied French, Italian, German, the history and appreciation of music, the history and appreciation of art; she took piano and voice lessons, diction, elocution and had two hours of ice skating daily. "I even had flying lessons," she adds. "Mr. Hughes thought it would be a good idea if I learned to fly. But he gave up after I'd had twelve lessons—I couldn't solo."

Faith's "class-room" was Director Leo McCarey's former office in the Hughes Productions building on Romaine Street in Hollywood—a fabulous Ziegfeldian setting with a magnificent oversized desk, assorted telephones, a record player, a radio, and even a bar—for which they could find no educational use. "You could have put on 'Joan of Arc' in there," her diction coach then, Robert Paris, agrees, adding—"and Faith would be good in that too. She has a deep talent, a certain exciting dramatic quality the great actresses of all time have had—Ethel Barrymore, Bernhardt and Duse."

To Robert Paris, who coached Rita Hayworth and Ina Claire, among many others,

Howard Hughes entrusted the painstaking job of correcting Faith's speech impediment. The problem was to build up the muscles in her lower lip and tongue. For six months Paris prescribed using an ordinary tongue depressor. When held underneath the tongue this forced the tongue higher in the mouth, helped in the pronunciation of troublesome "S's," "L's," "N's," "T's," "D's," and "Z's." Taking a deep-carpeted stance for two hours at a time Faith would hold the depressor under her tongue while she read scripts and poetry.

Later she learned to read with a cork held round-wise in her mouth to relax her jaw and build up her lower lip's strength. After this there followed weeks when she read lines with a toothpick across her eye-teeth. If the muscles didn't work correctly the toothpick broke. There were times when it did. But at last—it didn't—and Faith's lisp had disappeared.

Every morning at nine Faith reported for "school" and worked there until one o'clock. Ask her today if she didn't weary of those five years of tutoring and waiting and she says, "No, I was always too busy. It was a great opportunity, and it was thrilling for me to find my lisp disappearing and my figure improving." Howard Hughes never seemed to worry as to when results would be apparent. If not one day, then the next day—or the next year. "He feels you can overcome anything if you try hard enough."

During these years Hughes guided Faith's destiny completely via remote control, never appearing in the building during the hours she was there but telephoning her frequently to offer suggestions and ask how she was getting along.

"It was so strange," she says now, "taking orders from someone you never saw. And when you get a compliment from Mr. Hughes," she says, "it's worth a hundred from anyone else."

As, for instance, one day in 1946, when she had begun working on "Vendetta." It was Christmas and she remembers so well when Hughes, who had never been on the set, called her and told her he thought she was doing very well. "I was elated for days!" she remembers. This was during the period of his own recuperation from plane crash injuries. But he had had Faith's rushes run for him.

IT was significant of Hughes's personal confidence in Faith's dramatic ability that he had approved the fiery role of the tragic heroine, *Colomba* from Prosper Mérimée's classic of the same name, a role which motivates the whole picture, as that in which to showcase his new star. The title of the picture was changed to "Vendetta" (revenge) and, ironically enough, there were times when the pixies seemed bent that way. It was four years in the making and there were four directors in the directing.

Finally in 1950 at RKO, Mel Ferrer, who gets the billing, completed the project. There were months in between each version, and Faith says, "I died four times—a different way for each director." But she didn't get discouraged. Again, she was sure Howard Hughes knew what was best for her.

During all these years Hughes paid Faith the salary her Warner studio contract had called for, with every option raise (in addition to providing all of her coaching and tutoring) until at the end of that first seven years Faith Domergue, still a complete unknown, was making \$1,000 a week. "That's what your Warner contract called for and after all, Warner Brothers might have been paying you this sum by now," he told her.

During the making of "Vendetta" Faith

eloped to San Diego with Ted Stauffer, an Acapulco, Mexico, hotel man. It was an impulsive marriage that lasted only two months. Six months after she separated from Stauffer she met that handsome South American director, Hugo Fregonese, at a party given for her good friend, Irene Wrightsman.

Fregonese, in Hollywood just three days, had come to the party with a mutual friend, Tony Moreno, with whom he was staying. "It was love at first sight—really," says Faith. "I walked in and he saw me across the room—and I saw him. That was it. We started wending our way around the place towards each other."

Tony Moreno introduced them and they left the party and went dancing at Ciro's. "Hugo's a wonderful tango dancer," she sighs, reminiscing. They had a second date "a week later—then a day later—and a day later—and—" And so they were married, Oct. 7, 1947, by a magistrate in Juarez, Mexico, and again later by an Irish priest in Buenos Aires—"They have two marriages in Hugo's country—and we wanted to make sure we were married right."

For the first time Faith's personal desires and her career conflicted. She completed retakes again on "Vendetta," and her husband, who was unhappy with his work in Hollywood at the time, wanted to return to South America. Her seven-year contract was up. Hughes, now head of RKO studios, wanted her to re-sign with them. But she told him she could not. "Hugo is going to Buenos Aires—and I must go with him," she said.

Hughes reasoned that Faith should be in Hollywood when her picture was released. "He thought it was unfair of me to leave at that time," she says. "We parted very badly. This was the only argument we have ever had. But I had a hunch then,

—although I didn't tell him—that I was going to have a baby. When I got to South America I knew." She wired Hughes the news, "And then he understood and wasn't angry any more." He wired congratulations, and sent more of the same in the form of yellow roses when her daughter, Diana, was born Jan. 1, 1949.

Meanwhile, in Hollywood, when queried about "Vendetta," Howard Hughes answered, "I'm waiting for the right moment to release it." Perhaps Hughes was gambling even then upon Faith's return.

WHEN Faith's baby was old enough to travel, Faith, who was homesick, and her husband, who wanted to become an American citizen, came back. Upon arrival, she immediately contacted her old employer and signed a new seven-year deal with RKO, with a clause incorporated that allows her to make one picture annually for her husband in Argentina, with the proviso that it will never be released in any English-speaking country, and her husband had the same clause inserted in his Universal-International contract.

They promptly bought a charming duplex in West Los Angeles and rented the lower half to her parents. "And we wouldn't trade it for the most fabulous estate in Bel Air," Faith says. "This way my mother can baby-sit, too—it's wonderful." Faith has settled down happily with her successful husband, their chubby blue-eyed daughter, Diana ("Dee-dee"), a Siamese cat called "Mish-Mish," and a toy Shelton Shepherd dog, "Apache Warrior"—"I bought him in a Beverly Hills pet shop, because when I walked by he was there watching, with his nose against the window—"

Off screen Faith's a devoted wife and mother, very placid and feminine, with a pronounced preference for long hair, ear-

rings, fans, dainty handmade blouses, Chinese modern furniture, and a passion for the color pink.

But before the cameras, she's sultry and smoldering. Also, photogenically perfect. Which, according to RKO cameraman Nick Musuraca, with his twenty-year experience, "just isn't supposed to be. Any good cameraman will tell you that. This girl hasn't one bad angle."

Although "Vendetta" finally was shot to Hughes's satisfaction, he kept postponing its release and at last announced he would introduce his new star in "Where Danger Lives" in which she would be supported by established players like Bob Mitchum and Claude Rains.

If the cast or crew had any qualms about co-starring with an unknown who would play the exacting role of the mad murderess in this picture, they forgot them when Faith did her first dramatic hysterical scene—and all followed her, consoling and commending her, when she fled to her dressing room, still sobbing, after the cameras "cut."

"Mitch" was wonderful," she says of Bob Mitchum now. He sent her flowers and he would clown and tease and make faces behind the camera while he sighed, "Ah, lucky Hugo—" and put her at ease.

And when the picture was completed Mitchum, together with Director John Farrow, gave her a gold chain link bracelet, inscribed, "From the other men in your life." Of her talent, Farrow says, "She's one of the finest young dramatic actresses Hollywood has known."

Thus ends the first dramatic decade in the life of a girl who so faithfully followed a "skipper" into an exciting new world. But another story, that of Faith Domergue—Hollywood's exciting new star—has just begun. . . .

THE END

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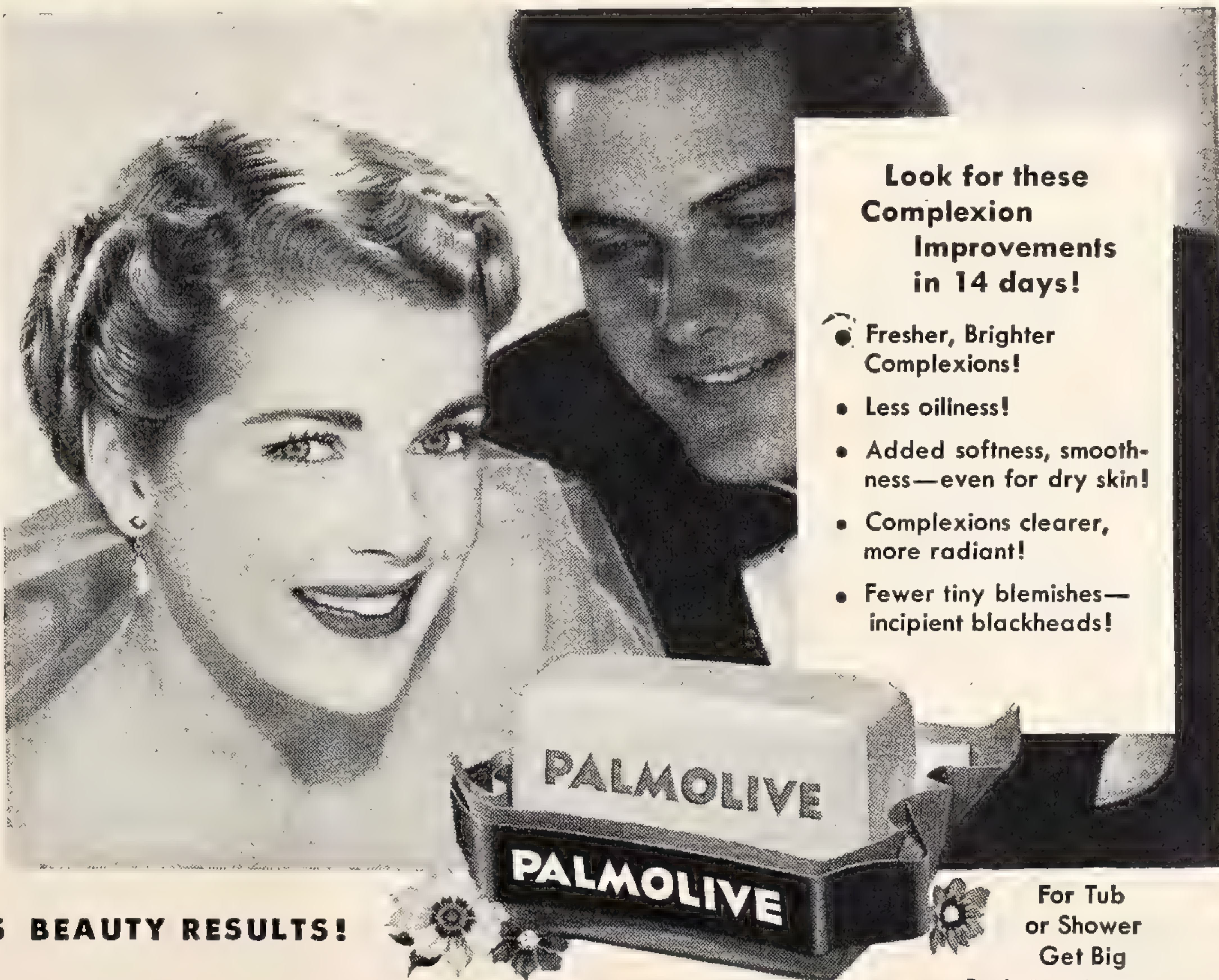
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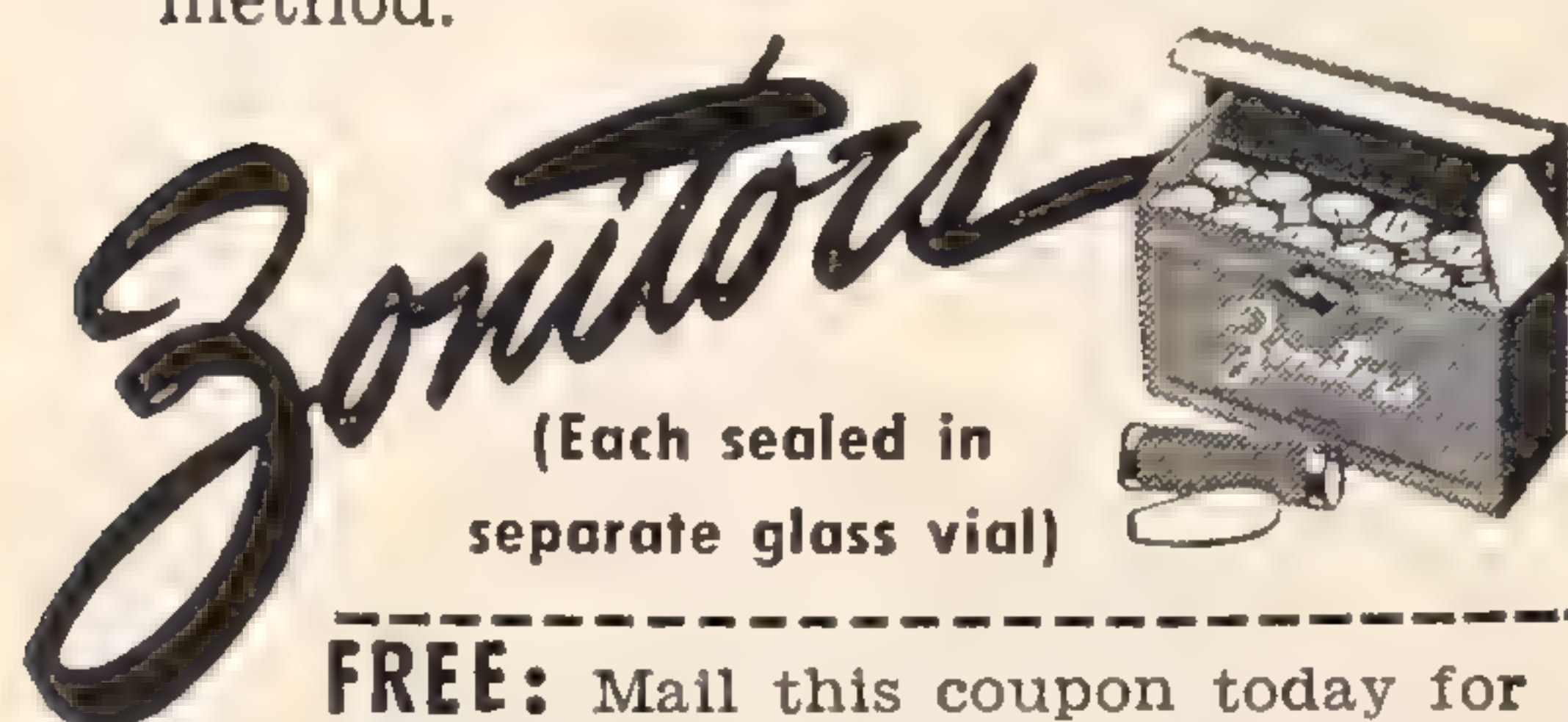
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The House That Grew Up

(Continued from page 56) dressing room area transformed into a room and bath for Shirley as well as an adorable nursery for little Linda Susan, with its own bath. The kitchen remains, but all this leaves a very large area for her living room.

Actually it is difficult to decorate such a large room without having it look like a hotel lobby, with groups of chairs and tables scattered around. But Shirley's room is not at all like this.

For this living room area, she arranged furniture around the fireplace, delightfully situated in an alcove, and flanked on either side with built-in benches, topped with red cushions and framed with hand-carved beams. She then continued the living room area in a U-arrangement of two chairs and sofas facing a bank of windows. In front of one window, which has comfortable built-in seats, she put a permanent card table, flanked by two chairs. "This is my breakfast room," she said. The dining room is at the end where the stage used to be, and near the kitchen.

SO far, we've accounted for about two-thirds of the room. The remaining third takes care of the library and music for, on either side of the front entrance, bookshelves line the walls. At the left stands a grand piano and on the right, framed by bookshelves, is Shirley's television-radio-phonograph combination. Two comfortable lounge chairs with their backs to the living-room group face the television, showing how one room can take care of many functions and be pleasing whether many persons are in it, or only one or two.

The whole trick lies in the placement of the furniture. A massive gray-textured sofa acts as a partition as it faces the fireplace, its back to the center of the room. The U-shaped arrangement faces inward, ignoring the rest of the room, and the backs of these various pieces set the dining-room furniture apart. One of the sofas in the window-section group backs up to the grand piano, isolating it. The chairs facing the fireplace and those for television back up to one another.

You can apply the same principle to your home. If it follows today's trend of combining living room and dining room, let your sofa be the divider. Should your living room get a lot of traffic along one wall, separate this area from the rest of the room with a pair of chairs placed on either side of a lamp table. Low bookcases also can act as a movable partition if you make their backs attractive with strips of bamboo, paint, wallpaper or even fabric.

Shirley studied decorating at school. She has good taste and knows what she wants. Before she married Charles Black she worked with decorator Mildred Moore to achieve the colorful, informal, gracious home she had in mind. She picked out one patterned fabric—a charming glazed chintz combining red, green and white on a gray ground—and then used these colors for the room's entire scheme. Whenever a chair seemed to call for a print she used this same one. You might jot down this decorating hint: The best way to avoid the confusion that mixed prints sometimes give, is to use only one in a room, contrasted with *plain colors*.

Whenever you repeat a pattern several times, though, be sure to scatter it around the room. Balance it, as Shirley did. She put the glazed chintz on the two sofas and chairs that formed the U-shape and then repeated it in two of the chairs across the room, that flanked the fireplace. If you choose patterned fabric for draperies and for a chair or two, separate these chairs from the draperies, using chairs with plain covers to stand near the windows.

Walls, rugs and draperies in Shirley's room repeat the green, the large sofa's gray and the red is picked up in the drapery trim, bench pads and pillows and on the two lounge chairs in the music area. A small check combining red, green and white, is used to upholster the host chairs in the dining group and is used on pads for the side chairs.

A large room needs a high ceiling, of course, and Shirley's ceiling is all paneled and beamed with beautiful hand-carved supports. Its finish, though, defies description, having been bleached and waxed by an elderly German and his sons who take pride in their craftsmanship.

The entrance hall, however, has a low ceiling because, just above it, is the projection room, part of the original arrangement. Movies, projected through a wall panel, shine onto the dining room wall. For these occasions, Shirley removes the four fruit prints which hang there. Even these tie in with the room, their mats being made of the same red fabric as is used on window seats and benches.

The entrance hall is keyed to the living room in color, having green wainscoting and wallpaper bearing figures of a dandy in red and green, holding green lovebirds. Stairs at right lead up to the projection room and another flight goes downstairs. Also off the entrance hall is a powder room. This is as feminine as Shirley could make it. The rug is maroon, the dressing table wears a pink taffeta skirt and the wallpaper is pink, patterned with a fan-and-glove design in blue. The blue is also picked up in the small loveseat.

IN her bedroom, Shirley has kept her color scheme very simple, yellow and green, keyed by a vibrant glazed floral chintz. This one lovely pattern she uses for draperies and cornices, chairs and chaise longue. But the French Provincial bed has a yellow and green check for both its headboard and spread. Pale yellow walls and ceiling blend with the chenille rug.

Little Linda Susan's room, next to her Mommie's, has a small white crib beside the wall. Everything's blue or white, with the exception of the pink roses with green leaves that besprinkle the ceiling. Narrow blue and white striped paper covers the walls and the blue is repeated in the rug and in the studio couch cover. White's reserved for the woodwork and chifforobe.

On the lower level, Shirley made few changes, except to substitute a soda fountain bar for the old pint-sized bowling alley. The bar stands at the foot of the stairs. Here, too, stands a junior table accompanied by two leather-topped benches and a star-studded red love seat. From this small room, you descend two steps into what was originally the doll room. Shirley's collection totals fifteen hundred dolls. They are there still, but Shirley now has in front of their shelves, doors covered with scenic tropical wallpaper panels. When the doors are closed, you'd never dream of all the space behind them.

Both of the downstairs rooms are floored with asphalt tile, which takes a fine waxing and can't be beaten for dancing. To keep it strictly informal Shirley chose rattan furniture with turquoise cushions.

From the little soda fountain room, a door leads on to a wide, covered flagstone porch and beyond this the ground slopes sharply away forming a ravine. The sides are planted with shrubs and trees, so that although you hear the swish of traffic on Sunset Boulevard, all you can see is greenery, and you seem miles away from town.

Shirley's grown up and her house has, too.

THE END

Casts of Current Pictures

COMPANY SHE KEEPS, THE—RKO: Joan Willburn, Elizabeth Scott; Diane Stuart, Jane Greer; Larry Collins, Dennis O'Keefe; Tilly Thompson, Fay Baker; Mrs. Halcy, Marjorie Wood; Cliff Martin, Harry Cheshire; Rex Fisher, Ken Tobey; Mrs. Seely, Irene Tedrow; Mrs. Griggs, Marjorie Crossland; Miss Holman, Edith Evanson; Judge Kendell, John Hoyt.

FLYING MISSILE, THE—Columbia: Commander Bill Talbot, Glenn Ford; Karin Hansen, Viveca Lindfors; Admiral Scott, Henry O'Neill; Dr. Gates, Carl Benton Reid; "Fuss" Payne, Joe Sawyer; Lars Hansen, John Qualen; Admiral Bradley, Anthony Ross; Vice-Admiral Williams, Harry Shannon; Chuck Davis, Ross Ford; Mac, Zachary A. Charles; Andy Mason, Jerry Paris; Pete McEvoy, Kenneth Tobey; Gen. Benton, Paul Harvey; Capt. Whitaker, Grandon Rhodes; Lieut. Jackson, James Seay; Myers, Bill Donnelly; Hank Weber, Richard Quine; Chief of Naval Operations, Charles Evans.

FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE—20th Century-Fox: Charles, Clifton Webb; Lydia, Joan Bennett; Jeff Bolton, Robert Cummings; Arthur, Edmund Gwenn; Daphne, Joan Blondell; Item, Gigi Perreau; Tony, Jack La Rue; Tex, Harry Von Zell; Joe, Tommy Rettig; Michael, Dick Ryan; Tax Agent, Charles Lane; Joe's Father, Robert Kent; Doctors, Whit Bissell; Ashmead Scott; Gardener, William J. O'Leary; Western Union Woman, Dorothy Neumann; Dowager, Esther Somers; House Detective, Jack Daly; Nurse, Sue Casey; Elevator Boy, Bob Harlow; Jewelry Salesman, Gilbert Fallman; Joe's Mother, Betty Adams; Doormen, Perc Launders; Richard Thorne.

GROUNDS FOR MARRIAGE—M-G-M: Dr. Lincoln I. Bartlett, Van Johnson; Ina Massine, Kathryn Grayson; Agnes Young, Paula Raymond; Chris Bartlett, Barry Sullivan; Dr. Carleton Radwin Young, Lewis Stone; Mr. Delacorte, Reginald Owen; Dr. Engelstaad, Richard Hageman; Stella, Teresa Harris; Tommy, Richard Anderson; Petie, Robert Sherwood; Helen, Paula Drew.

HALLS OF MONTEZUMA—20th Century-Fox: Lt. Anderson, Richard Widmark; Pigeon Lane, Walter (Jack) Palance; Sgt. Johnson, Reginald Gardiner; Coffman, Robert Wagner; Doc, Karl Malden; Corporal Conroy, Richard Hylton; Lt. Col. Gilfillan, Richard Boone; Pretty Boy, Skip Homeier; Lt. Butterfield, Don Hicks; Correspondent Dickerman, Jack Webb; Slattey, Bert Freed; Sgt. Zelenko, Neville Brand; Nurse, Marion Marshall; Pvt. Whitney, Martin Milner; Nomura, Philip Ahn; Capt. Makino,

Howard Chuman; Romeo, Frank Kumagai; Capt. McCreavy, Fred Coby; Capt. Seaman, Paul Lees; Courier, Jack Lee; Pharmacist's Mate, Fred Dale; Frank, Chris Drake; Corpsman, George Conrad; Radioman, Harry McKim; Marine Guard, Bob McLean; Paskowicz, William Hawes; Davis, Roger McGee; Recruit, Clarke Stevens; Aunt Emma, Helen Hatch; Ship's Captain, Michael Road.

LIGHTS OUT—U-I: Larry Nevins, Arthur Kennedy; Judy Greene, Peggy Dow; John Masterson, Richard Egan; Corp. Flagg, John Hudson; Joe Morgan, James Edwards; Chris Paterson, Betty Adams; Mr. Nevins, Will Geer; Mrs. Nevins, Nana Bryant; Fred Tyler, Russell Dennis; Janet Grayson, Joan Banks; Bill Grayson, Jim Backus; Pete Hamilton, Murray Hamilton; "Moose" Garvey, Don Miele; Dudek, Rock Hudson; Mr. Paterson, Minor Watson; Mrs. Paterson, Marjorie Crossland; Nurse Bailey, Mary Cooper.

MATING SEASON, THE—Paramount: Maggie Carleton, Gene Tierney; Van McNulty, John Lund; Fran Carleton, Miriam Hopkins; Ellen McNulty, Thelma Ritter; Betsy, Jan Sterling; Mr. Kaling, Sr., Larry Keating; Geo. C. Kaling, Jr., James Lorimer; Mrs. Conger, Gladys Hurlbut; Mrs. Williamson, Cora Witherspoon; Mr. Williamson, Malcolm Keen; Annie, Ellen Corby; Mugsy, Billie Bird; Spinster, Mary Young; Col. Conger, Samuel Colt; Mrs. Fahnestock, Grace Hampton; Mr. Paget, William Welsh; Mr. Tuttle, William Fawcett; Susie, Carol Coombs.

MUDLARK, THE—20th Century-Fox: Queen Victoria, Irene Dunne; Disraeli, Alec Guinness; Wheeler, Andrew Ray; Lady Emily Prior, Beatrice Campbell; John Brown, Finlay Currie; Lt. Charles McHatten, Anthony Steel; Sgt. Footman Naseby, Raymond Lovell; Lady Margaret Prior, Marjorie Fielding; Kate Noonan, Constance Smith; Slattey, Ronan O'Casey; The Watchman, Edward Rigby; Herbert, Robin Stevens; Sparrow, William Strange; Gen. Sir Henry Ponsonby, Kynaston Reeves; Tucker, Wilfrid Hyde White; Hammond, Ernest Clark; Ash, Lt. of Police, Eric Messiter; Princess Christian, Pamela Arliss; Prince Christian, Ian Selby; Christian, Maurice Warren; Albert, Michael Brooke; Victoria, Jane Short; Broom, Howard Douglas; Didbit, Richard Nairne; Jailer, George Dillon; Ben Fox, Leonard Sharp; Mrs. Feeney, Vi Kaley; Iron George, Freddie Watts; Ah Hook, Y. Yanai; Petey, Paul Garrard; Hooker Morgan, Leonard Morris; Meg Bownes, Marjorie Gresley; Dandy Fitch, Bob Head; Mrs. Dawkins, Vi. Stevens; Disraeli's Valet, Alan Gordon; Queen's Maid, Grace Denbeigh Russell.

OPERATION PACIFIC—Warners: "Duke" Gifford, John Wayne; Mary Stuart, Patricia Neal;

"Pop" Perry, Ward Bond; Larry, Scott Forbes; Bob Perry, Philip Carey; Jonesy, Paul Picerni; The Talker, Bill Campbell; Commander Steele, Kathryn Givney; Caldwell, Martin Milner; Comsubpac, Cliff Clark; The Chief, Jack Pennick; Sister Anne, Virginia Brissac; A Soundman, Vincent Fotre; Squad Commander, Lewis Martin; Radarman, Louis Mosconi; Junior, Sam Edwards.

PAGAN LOVE SONG—M-G-M: Mimi Bennett, Esther Williams; Hap Endicott, Howard Keel; Tavae, Charles Manuu; Teuru, Rita Moreno; Aunt Kate, Mina Gombell; Papera, Charles Freund; Manu, Dione Leilani; Tani, David Costa.

STAGE TO TUCSON—Columbia: Grif Holbrook, Rod Cameron; Barney Broderick, Wayne Morris; Kate Crocker, Kay Buckley; "Doc" Benteen, Carl Benton Reid; Jim Maroon, Roy Roberts; Gus Heyden, Harry Bellaver; Annie Benson, Sally Eilers; Ira Prentiss, Douglas Fowley; Sam Granger, John Pickard; Chantry, Olin Howlin; John Butterfield, Charles Evans; Juan Lopez, Boyd Stockman; Bartender, John Sheehan; Eddie, Reed Howes; Sheriff Pete Deuce, James Kirkwood.

STORM WARNING—Warners: Marsha Mitchell, Ginger Rogers; Burt Rainey, Ronald Reagan; Lucy Rice, Doris Day; Hank Rice, Steve Cochran; Charlie Barr, Hugh Sanders; Rummel, Lloyd Gough; Faulkner, Raymond Greenleaf; George Athens, Ned Glass; Hauser, Paul E. Burns; Bledsoe, Walter Baldwin; Cora Athens, Lynn Whitney; Walters, Stuart Randall; Shore, Sean McClory.

SUGARFOOT—Warners: Sugarfoot, Randolph Scott; Reva Cairn, Adele Jergens; Jacob Stint, Raymond Massey; Don Miguel, S. Z. Sakall; J. C. Crane, Robert Warwick; Fly-Up-The-Creek Jones, Arthur Hunnicutt; Asa Goodhue, Hugh Sanders; Mary, Hope Landin; Johnny-Behind-The-Stove, Hank Worden; Billings, Gene Evans.

TOMAHAWK—U-I: Jim Bridger, Van Heflin; Julie Madden, Yvonne De Carlo; Colonel Carrington, Preston Foster; Sol Beckworth, Jack Oakie; Lt. Rob Dancy, Alex Nicol; Dan Castello, Tom Tully; Monahseetah, Susan Cabot; Mrs. Carrington, Ann Doran; Burt Hanna, Rock Hudson; Red Cloud, John War Eagle; Blair Streeter, Raymond Montgomery; Pvt. Osborne, John Peters; Pvt. Parr, Dave Sharpe; Sgt. Newell, Stuart Randall.

UNDER THE GUN—U-I: Galvin, Richard Conte; Ruth, Audrey Totter; Langley, John McIntire; Gower, Sam Jaffe; 5 Shot, Richard Taber; Bragg, Shepperd Strudwick; Nero, Gregg Martell; Gandy, Phillip Pine; Nugent, Royal Dano; Claude, Henry Letondal.

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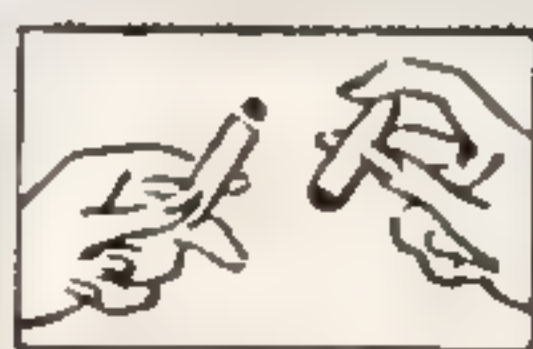
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TALCUM

All in Her Lifetime

(Continued from page 49) to the city. On to the Book-Cadillac. Betty's glance caught her mother's. Dozens of times they'd passed this same hotel, and the scrawny kid would always linger, awe-struck. "Oh, Mom, can't we just go in and walk 'round the lobby?"

"Honey, look at our clothes. I wouldn't dare—"

Now the hotel was plastered with welcome signs for them. Now the presidential suite was reserved for Betty, and Mabel was given a beautiful suite to herself. With Mabel in a tizzy of ecstasy, and calls coming in from her old pals at the factory.

Betty was trying to assemble herself when the phone rang. Mom's voice sounded strangled. "Drop everything, and get right over here. Fast."

Betty sprinted through the corridors, opened the door, plunged headlong into the waiting arms of Cele and Bub . . .

CELE still works for Chrysler. Bub's retired because of a heart condition. Mom and Cele, spitting tacks together in the upholstery department, had become close friends. They had moved into a basement apartment with Cele and Bub. "We'll split the rent," said Cele. "Be easier on all of us—" Marion and Betty shared the second bedroom, Mom slept on the living-room couch. She and Cele took turns cooking. The girls did the dishes and, after school, the laundry. Betty found herself an extra job. At \$5 a week, she washed and cleaned for a family up the street. Unless they reached starvation point again, this fund was untouchable. She was saving it up to buy a dress to perform in.

You might smile to yourself—and it wasn't a happy smile—but outwardly you had to go along with this kid who held fast to the conviction that someday she'd need a dress to perform in. Bub was head of the American Legion in Detroit. "Will you take me along, Bub? Will you let me sing for them?" He'd tip the crowd off, so they'd blister their hands, clapping. Night after night Cele would dance with her. All Cele craved after dinner was to rest her bones. But here'd be this hungry little face peering up at her. "How about it, Cele?"

You couldn't resist her. "Okay, kid. Start the music."

"Gee, thanks. I wouldn't bother you except I need training. You can't be a star unless you know how to dance."

. . . Now Bub was holding her off, surveying her. "The little crumb always said she'd do it, and she did it."

"Tell me the truth, Bub. You never believed it."

"Honey, as God's my witness, I thought you were nuts."

The premiere Thursday night. Mom all gussied up in the beautiful black gown Paramount made for her. Her hands, well-groomed now but bearing their scars. Almost more than anything else, those hands, bleeding and swollen where they'd missed the tacks, would eat into young Betty Thornburg's soul. She'd drop her face into them and sob, "Oh Mom, someday—"

"I know, baby, I know." And one battered hand would creep up to caress the stricken head . . .

There she stood in the wings now, hands and all shaking like crazy. Betty threw her a grin and went on. The place was packed to the rafters, with all the factory workers down front. They rocked the joint. Their memories went back with Betty's, weaving bonds between them. She sang for them as she's never sung before and may never sing again. With the ache of old sorrows, and a heart of thanksgiving. At last quiet fell, and a kind of hushed

waiting for the big moment. "I want to introduce someone who needs no introduction to many of you. Without her, none of this would have been possible—" She smiled toward the wings. "Ladies and gentlemen, friends and neighbors—my mother!"

Poised as though she'd been born a Barrymore, Mabel made her first appearance on any stage and took her first bow. Betty alone heard her quaver through the thudding roar: "What am I going to do?"

"You're going to sing."

"I can't—"

Betty leaned toward the orchestra leader. They had to play the first bars over and over before she could make herself heard. "My mother's going to sing 'Shine on, Harvest Moon,' and you're all going to join in the second chorus."

Mabel's voice broke at first, but in a couple of seconds she was going strong. Waves of warmth washed over them from the audience. Betty was their girl, who could do no wrong. Mabel belonged to them more closely still. She'd worked with them at twenty-two cents an hour, helped organize the union to get them better pay. And because the fairy tale of America had come true for these two, it had come true in a way for all of them.

The song done, Mabel stepped toward the footlights. Like a veteran, smiling and composed, she waited for the noise to die, then said her brief say. "I want to thank you for the happiest night of my life. And I want you to know that I take no credit for this. This is God's work." With which, she marched off.

They shouted themselves hoarse and forced her back. Betty took her hand. "I have no words to tell you how we feel. But I have a song. Forgive me, Paramount, because this is from a Metro picture."

It was of course "There's No Business Like Show Business." Through Betty's released emotions it poured, and swelled from her throat. For who knew better than she the thrilling reality of every word?

SHE was back at Billy Rose's Casa Mañana—not part of the show, just singing with Vincent Lopez's band while the people danced. Good enough, most girls would have thought, for a sixteen-year-old who'd been getting nowhere fast till a year ago. But not good enough for a wildly impatient Betty, who had no use for crawling from rung to rung. Her idea was to fly.

The regular bill featured Lou Holtz among others. Holtz used to come down from his dressing room to watch her. Having watched his fill, he sauntered in to the boss. "Ever take a look at the dame who sings with the band?"

Mr. Rose looked, listened and sent for the Lopez thrush. "I'm putting you in tomorrow night as a warmer-upper."

The tone was casual, its effect was anything but. In a trance Betty went home to Mom, who'd quit her job, sacrificed her treasured seniority at the factory to take a gamble with her girl. The girl's face was solemn. "This is it, Mom, live or die."

In the dressing room next night, they knelt down and prayed together. It's a Hutton tradition. Their faith in God is simple and unquestioning. Any crisis finds them on their knees, laying their problems in the lap of God.

Betty made her entrance. In the sea of faces, she sought her mother's and found it. Mom's thumb and forefinger lifted in a solid okay, and Betty's spirit soared. Plunging into "A-Tisket, A-Tasket," she let herself go for the first time in a style that has come to be the Hutton trademark. A small whirling dervish, she bounced in and out among the musicians, assaulted

the mike, tore the stage apart and wound up swinging from the curtain. Catching her infection, the audience went mad and refused to let the next performer go on. The next performer happened to be Mr. Holtz. After three encores and prolonged salvos of applause, he shut them up by leading her out and indicating that he had something to impart:

"Ladies and gentlemen. Tonight theatrical history has been made. You, the public, have recognized a new talent, and so a star has been born. This, ladies and gentlemen, is show business."

The star spot on any bill is next to closing. That was Betty Hutton's spot the following night.

HER head shifted against the pillow. Her memories shifted like a movie montage. Back to the tour and Friday morning in Detroit. Back to Foch Intermediate, where she'd once been a problem child and was now a celebrity, come to sing to the kids. Back to the arms of Miss Jones. She couldn't get to Miss Jones fast enough . . .

. . . Deborah Jones had been her home room teacher, her champion, her light in darkness—one of those rare persons who could see through a child's defensive crust to its source. If many of the children were poor, Betty was poorer. Her clothes, spotlessly clean, were patched and worn, and her pride streamed like a banner in the breeze. With an active loathing, too fierce to be contained, she loathed her poverty. Her impulse was to strike out at an unjust world, and her more fortunate schoolmates represented that world. You had only to appear in a pretty new dress, and while pain twisted through her, she'd kick you in the shins and growl: "Meet me outside—"

She was always in trouble. Miss Jones remained her compassionate friend throughout. "Don't you see the child's all mixed up?" she'd plead with the others. "She's not bad, she's unhappy. Her emotions are too strong for her. She's simply battling for life." And to Betty, smoothing the hair from a tearstained face: "Someday you'll have lovely clothes, dear. Then you'll find out they're not as important as you think. Nothing really matters except what comes from inside. And inside, you're one of the finest people I know—"

Betty worships her. To the last day of her life, the name of Deborah Jones will be a light in darkness . . .

The Green Tree was Betty's idea—an unscheduled stop on their way to the Chrysler luncheon. "I've got to show you this beerhall where I used to sing."

Her heart gave a little lurch as they

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crossed the threshold. She might have been eight again, for nothing had changed. Same old chairs in the same old spots, same old piano, same old threadbare rugs. Same guys—anyway, they looked the same—sitting around with their sleeves rolled up. Same friendly "Hiya, Betty—"

. . . During factory layoffs, with an income dropped to minus, Mom used to bring her here. Partly because they had to eat, partly because Betty gave her no peace. "Please, please, Mom, let's go, and I'll sing for them and earn money." Her repertoire consisted of "Dinah," "Lazy-bones" and "Some of These Days." At the close of each number, the customers would throw nickels and dimes on the floor, and she'd pick them up in a hat. This was no case of charity, but of give-and-take in a spirit of fellowship. The customers were all factory workers. Betty was Mabel's daughter, and Mabel was one of them, fighting to get them more dough. Why shouldn't they help when she was on her uppers? Besides, the kid gave them their money's worth. Look at her! Half-pint of pluck and fire and a voice, knocking herself out to entertain them. "Yeah, Betty!"

Betty blinked and came to. She was no longer eight and nobody was throwing nickels and dimes. "Hiya, fellas. Just wanted my pals to see where they raised me from a pup."

ON the tour of the plant Betty was an incident. "Where's Mabel?" they yelled, and hoisted her to their shoulders. Took her to the upholstery department. Gave her a hammer—the kind she used to hit tacks with. Showed her the new car Betty had picked for her. Queen Mabel! With Miss Hutton of Hollywood trailing happily along.

Then the executive dining room and a luncheon by Chrysler's top brass to honor the Huttons.

They made speeches to Mabel, and as Mabel rose to reply, Betty prayed alone. "Oh God, please, please, God, don't let her make a mistake."

At the age of nine, Betty's mother had been sent to work, and her formal education came to a close. Understandably, therefore, she sometimes fails to stick to grammarbook rules. That Betty should have cared so much may seem out of proportion. The fact remains that she's passionately protective of her mother. Shaking inside as Mabel rose, she prayed.

Mabel gave out with a speech that fractured them. She spoke briefly, pointedly and in the purest King's English. Closing, she turned to her hosts. "Gentlemen, when I was fighting for a union in your factory, had I known what wonderful people you are, I wouldn't have been bitter. You must be wonderful people, or all these friends of mine wouldn't have been working for you all these years."

On this note she sat down, while bedlam broke loose and Betty's tears overflowed. She cried even harder when the director of the junket repeated what Mabel had said to him. "Have I done anything wrong? Did I make any blunders? Did I embarrass you in any way? Don't redapple me, I want the truth." He told her the truth. "Thanks, Jerry. You've taken fifteen years off my life."

Saturday in Lansing. Riding in the parade with Governor Williams. Watching them hang a plaque on the old house: "This is where Betty Hutton lived." Sitting with Mabel between the Governor and the Mayor at the Red Stocking Luncheon—to kick off the drive for such underprivileged children as Betty had been.

After all the speeches were done, a minister rose—for what they supposed would be the benediction. It was a benediction. He prayed for Mabel and Betty. He thanked God Who had given them strength

and courage to clear the narrows, and Who had led them to a place where Betty could bring gaiety to a troubled world. Mother and daughter gripped hands, humble, grateful and more profoundly moved than by all that had gone before.

And of all places—in Lansing, which they'd left in a hurry. Not to put too fine a point on it, they'd been virtually thrown out. Mom ran a blind pig in the very house where the plaque now hung. Her husband had left her. Somehow she had to put food in the mouths of her kids. People came for beer and gin. The beer was okay, but the gin was illegal, and one night the cops arrived. Friends stalled them long enough for Mom's trembling fingers to bundle the children up. Three forlorn figures, they fled out into the snow and made their way to Detroit. . . .

Now the two who had come back sat there, heads bowed under the lovely light of God's blessing.

In the old days, Lansing had provided another blessing—Aunt Cuma. On the Sunday after the Red Stocking luncheon there was a family get-together at Aunt Cuma's. She cooked for twenty. The dishes towered to the ceiling. Betty shooed them all out of the kitchen, and washed every last dish, same as she used to do. Left the kitchen immaculate, same as she used to do.

Cuma was one of Mom's most loyal friends. She was also the one person who used to say: "Take it from me, that kid's going places someday. Nothing'll stop her."

"Need any training?" Aunt Cuma asked that Sunday, as Betty appeared rolling her sleeves down.

"Sure. Let's sing—"

"Let's dance, you mean—"

"Let's do both." So they did and had themselves a ball.

. . . Battle Creek on Monday. They hadn't much time in Battle Creek, but they saw Aunt Jessie and Uncle Ray and the cousins.

JESSIE was Mabel's real aunt, Betty's great aunt, and she'd always made much of Marion. Betty felt like the outsider, looking in. Marion went to Battle Creek every summer and returned well outfitted for school—new dresses, new shoes. Betty, two years younger, wore the cast-offs with a sense of burning injustice and terrible envy.

"I've read some of the stories," Aunt Jessie said, "and they hurt me. You were such a frantic, restless child, Betty. Marion was quiet. She liked our quiet ways. You never cared for them."

"I understand. I'm old enough now to understand lots of things. But there's one thing I'd like you to understand too, Aunt Jessie. All I ever really wanted from you was love."

Her aunt's eyes filled with tears. "I loved you, dear. Maybe I didn't know how to show it. But I do now. This is the first time since my daughter died that I've ever gone out. The first time in fifteen years."

Betty pressed her warm cheek against the older one. "Thanks for coming, Aunt Jessie. And let's forget all the rest—"

* * *
She was three when they left Battle Creek, six when they took flight from Lansing, not quite fifteen when she stormed out of Detroit. "I can't stand this place, I can't stand school, I can't stand the way we live, I've got to get out."

. . . She'd been singing at the Graystone Ballroom, telling everybody she was eighteen. Among the few who fathomed the desperate urgency that drove her was Charlie Stanton, manager of the place. He was kind to her, called her Tomato, earned her deathless gratitude by arranging an audition with Tommy Dorsey.

Betty was beside herself with excitement. Charlie wasn't excited. An expert driver, he guided the car carefully as they started out for a place they never reached. Somewhere along the icy road they skidded, and hit a chicken truck. He died within ten minutes. The car looked like a flattened accordion, but Betty escaped with a concussion.

The concussion was nothing to the emotional shock. Her friend was dead, her chance was gone, and the accident made the local front pages. Once she was well enough to go back to school, she found herself marked, at best—eyed with curiosity, at worst—shunned by the holier-than-thous. *Tsk-tsk*, a girl who got her name in the papers! It brought years of seething rebellion to a boil. "I'm through with this town, Mom, and this kind of living. I'm going to New York."

To Mabel, hampered by her own lack of education, a high school diploma was the passport to a full life. Betty's clamorous pleas always shattered against that rock. "After you finish high school, you can try your luck. You've got to finish high school first." Now Mabel could fight no longer. Betty's will to go defeated her own will to keep her. A group of ambitious kids had formed a unit, with which they planned to stampede Broadway. Betty went along. Strangely, Broadway refused to be stampeded or even to take note that they were alive. A big-hearted agent forked out enough to send them home, and Betty was back where she started.

Disappointed, of course, but not for a moment disheartened. Still looking for spots, still looking for chances to sing. By now Marion was singing too. One night her boy friend picked Betty up to call for her sister, who was working at The Nut House. They were a little early. Passing the Continental Betty said: "Let's go in a minute. Maybe they'll let me do a number." The management obliged. A man at one of the tables sat and listened, and whispered something to the waiter. Presently the girl was threading her way toward him, fainting inside. "Sit down, Miss Hutton. How would you like to sing with my band? I'll pay you \$65 a week."

This was more money than she'd ever heard of. But she'd heard of the man all right. His name was Vincent Lopez.

A year of travel with the band. The night at Casa Mañana when the heavens spun. Then vaudeville and "Two for the Show" and more vaudeville, and Vincent suing to keep her with the band, though he might as well have sued a soaring lark.

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JOAN LANSING

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Listeners from coast-to-coast have told me about the wonderful feeling they get when this happy-go-lucky lad sets them to starting the day with plenty of bounce. There's never a dull moment with DON! The whole BREAKFAST CLUB gang sort of "gang up" to bring brightness into each day, too.

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As for the BREAKFAST CLUB gang, fast-and-funny SAM COWLING has just presented his 10,000th item from the Fiction-and-Fact-from-Sam's-Almanac feature that highlights each show. (You may remember one of SAM's own favorites: "Living with your mother-in-law is like taking a bath. After a while it isn't so hot.") Sam said it. We didn't!

Pert PATSY LEE has received more than 5,000 marriage proposals since she's been on the show . . . oh-JOHNKY DESMOND, who croons a tune and makes you swoon, received this year's "Sorority Sweetheart" award . . . "Aunt Fanny" FRAN ALLISON started her career as a school-teacher . . . and young 'un, BERNIE CHRISTIANSON, recently turned 12, has been named the "singing star of tomorrow."

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Joan Lansing

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One day she paced the floor of Abe Berman's office, explaining her troubles. He fought the suit and won it for her, but that's incidental. Berman was Buddy De Sylva's lawyer too. "Do you know De Sylva?" he asked.

"Not to speak to. But I've seen him around. You can't forget his face—"

"He wanted you for 'Louisiana Purchase.' They told him you weren't available." He picked up the phone and called De Sylva in Florida. "I've found your Florrie for 'Panama Hattie.' Whom do you think? The girl you've been crying for. Betty Hutton." "Sign her," said Buddy.

. . . Not long ago a story appeared that took note of Betty's gratitude to De Sylva. It went on to say that, grateful or no, she never let emotions tangle with professional ambition and that, during the last year of his life, Buddy refused to speak to her because she reneged on a picture she'd promised him.

Like all half-truths, this story masks the real truth. De Sylva was to Betty the kind of friend you find once in a lifetime. After the success of "Panama Hattie," he went to Paramount as head of production, and asked her to make a picture test. She was riding high on Broadway and she was stubborn. "I've made tests, Buddy. They dyed my hair black and stuck me into drah-ma. I'm through with tests."

His faith in her was such that he talked Paramount into signing her without a test for "The Fleet's In." Her movie history needs no re-telling here. It's been rung up merrily on the box office of the world. If De Sylva's contribution is less well known, that's not because Betty hasn't shouted it to the housetops. "He just taught me the picture business, that's all, from A to Z and all the letters in between. He never failed me—"

When he fell ill, Betty went to the hospital. Except for his wife, no one but Betty was admitted. It was then that she gave her promise. "As soon as you're well again, Buddy, I'll make a picture for you."

But he had a second seizure that affected his brain. No longer the acute-minded man of his normal days, he sent Betty a script that made her weep for him. Heart-sick, she called his wife. "Have you read it, Marie? Then you know how bad it is. I'll do anything for Buddy, including a lousy story. But for his own sake, he shouldn't make it like this. Can't we get someone to fix it up?"

"Listen, Betty, if it were the greatest picture in the world, he still couldn't make it. He's far too ill. Forget it."

She was never able to reach him again. Which proved to Betty that her friend, whose large spirit held no room for pettiness, was gone. The real Buddy would have talked things over with her. The real Buddy died with the stroke that went to his brain. In the warmth of her memory he'll never die.

"SOMEDAY I'll be a star," the child had cried, struggling like a little tiger against the bars of circumstance, fighting her hard-pressed way out of darkness toward a vision, radiant and remote. "I'll make it happen—" It was a pledge to herself, and she'd kept it in spades. Dancing star now with Astaire. Singing star of "Annie, Get Your Gun," for which she wins the Photoplay Gold Medal for the actress giving the most popular performance of 1950. About to be starred under Cecil B. De Mille, the greatest showman of them all, in "The Greatest Show on Earth."

"I'll do Annie for nothing," she told her agent, tight-lipped, when it looked as though that super-deal might fall through. Paramount naturally nixed this proposition, though left to herself, Betty would have made it good. She still can't get over

the wonder that, for doing something you couldn't keep her from doing, she's achieved economic security beyond her craziest dreams. Show business had lavished the gifts of life upon her. But one gift lay beyond its power to bestow. . . .

In the nursery Lindsay and Candy slept—her children and Ted's. What every woman wants, Betty wanted too—happy love and marriage. These had escaped her.

It was nobody's fault. Searching the past, she could blame neither Ted nor herself—except that they should have waited to know each other better. But who waits when love strikes? It had been a whirlwind courtship in Chicago and they laughed at the crepe-hangers. Betty added a room to her new house. Ted started a branch of the Revere business in Santa Monica, so they could live happily ever after.

Ted was the product of a well-to-do, conventional background. He couldn't understand Betty's world of the studio. She couldn't understand his world of business. At first the clashes were inconsequential, for they always made up. And the children, to whom both were devoted, did much to hold them together for a while. But under continuous conflict of temperament, the illusion of love broke down. Last March Betty filed for divorce. Ted returned to Chicago.

In her teens, when it's normal for a girl to date, Betty was too busy carving a career to waste time on boys. Maybe that was the trouble, she decided. Maybe she'd missed out on something important, maybe she ought to learn about men. So she started dating, hitting the night spots, living it up. And found the whole business as empty as a gourd. Betty's a complex character. She revels in the excitement of her profession and yearns at the same time for domestic anchorage with a good man.

Ted Briskin's a good man. His instincts are kindly, decent, clean. Betty continued to value that aspect of him even when she stopped being in love with him. Last July she went away to set her mind in order, then flew to Chicago where she and Ted talked things over. They agreed to try it again. For their own sakes, and especially for the children's. Ted would stay in Chicago. He belonged there as surely as Betty belonged in the picture business. But he'd fly out for weekends and holidays, and when Betty wasn't working, she'd bring the children to him.

It was a valiant effort, foredoomed to failure. No marriage can thrive that keeps husband and wife 2,000 miles apart most of the time. One day last December they faced and accepted this reality. In January Betty filed for divorce again. Ted's free to see the children as often as he likes. To Betty, it would be little short of a crime to cut them off from his love or deny him his paternal rights. As she explained it to Lindsay: "Even though he doesn't live here any more, he'll always be your daddy and you'll be his little girl. He'll always love you and he'll always come to see you—"

She's too honest with herself to call it a happy solution. It was just the only solution possible. And the shadow of loneliness remains. . . .

Awake in the darkness, she'd come full circle. From now to then and back. This was her life. A strange and wonderful life. A regular storybook life—except that the wrong prince had kissed the wrong girl. Well, you can't have everything. Maybe someday the right prince would come along. If not—

Slipping out of bed, she laid that problem too in the lap of God. Then she fell asleep.

THE END

Restless Hearts

(Continued from page 50) living at the swank River Club in New York while he was here, I happened to sit next to him at a dinner party given by Jack Warner.

I thought I had never seen Gary look so troubled and I asked him how things were going. He is never much of a talker but he seemed to be eager to tell me—about Maria!

"Well, I think I'm working too hard for one thing," he said quietly. "I'm looking forward to getting to New York to see Maria. I've missed her more than I can tell you. She is a remarkable girl—she shines as a student and also she's fine at outdoor sports."

He didn't mention Rocky until I said, "And how is Rocky?"

Then he said, "I have talked to her many times on the telephone—in fact, we talk nearly every day."

BOOTH Gary and Rocky were frank to admit that a big thundercloud had come up in their marital happiness that kept growing bigger and bigger but which both thought could be settled once they got away from each other and could think things over clearly and honestly.

Far from being angry when I broke the story of their marriage vacation, Rocky sent me a telegram thanking me for the way I had handled it. Gary, too, said he was grateful—both seeming to think I had cleared the rumor-filled air.

What Rocky had said to me over the telephone had been definite and clear after I had asked her if they were parted:

"Well, I'm here and he's there," she said. "It's true we have had trouble. But if you're asking me about a divorce I'll tell you right now the answer is—'No.' I am a Catholic, and I have no intention of ever getting a divorce."

"I think not many people spend sixteen years together without sometimes having a disagreement—and this is ours. But I have a feeling we will work it out."

Gary's close friends say he is very worried. He does not want to break up his home.

Few people are more sincerely congenial than the Coopers. They have, until now, spent all their time together.

Ironically, if trouble had come up in the early years of their marriage even their closest friends would not have been too surprised because their worlds seemed so far apart. Gary, the tall, taciturn actor far famed for his Western roles and the socially prominent Rocky seemed an odd combination for long range bets.

Rocky is the stepdaughter of Paul Shields, wealthy New Yorker, and as Veronica Balfe she had been raised in the rarefied air of Park Avenue, Southampton, correct finishing schools, European vacations and all that goes with this life.

She was a typical debutante—young, lovely and different from any of the girls that Gary had known. Remember that tempestuous Lupe Velez and the colorful

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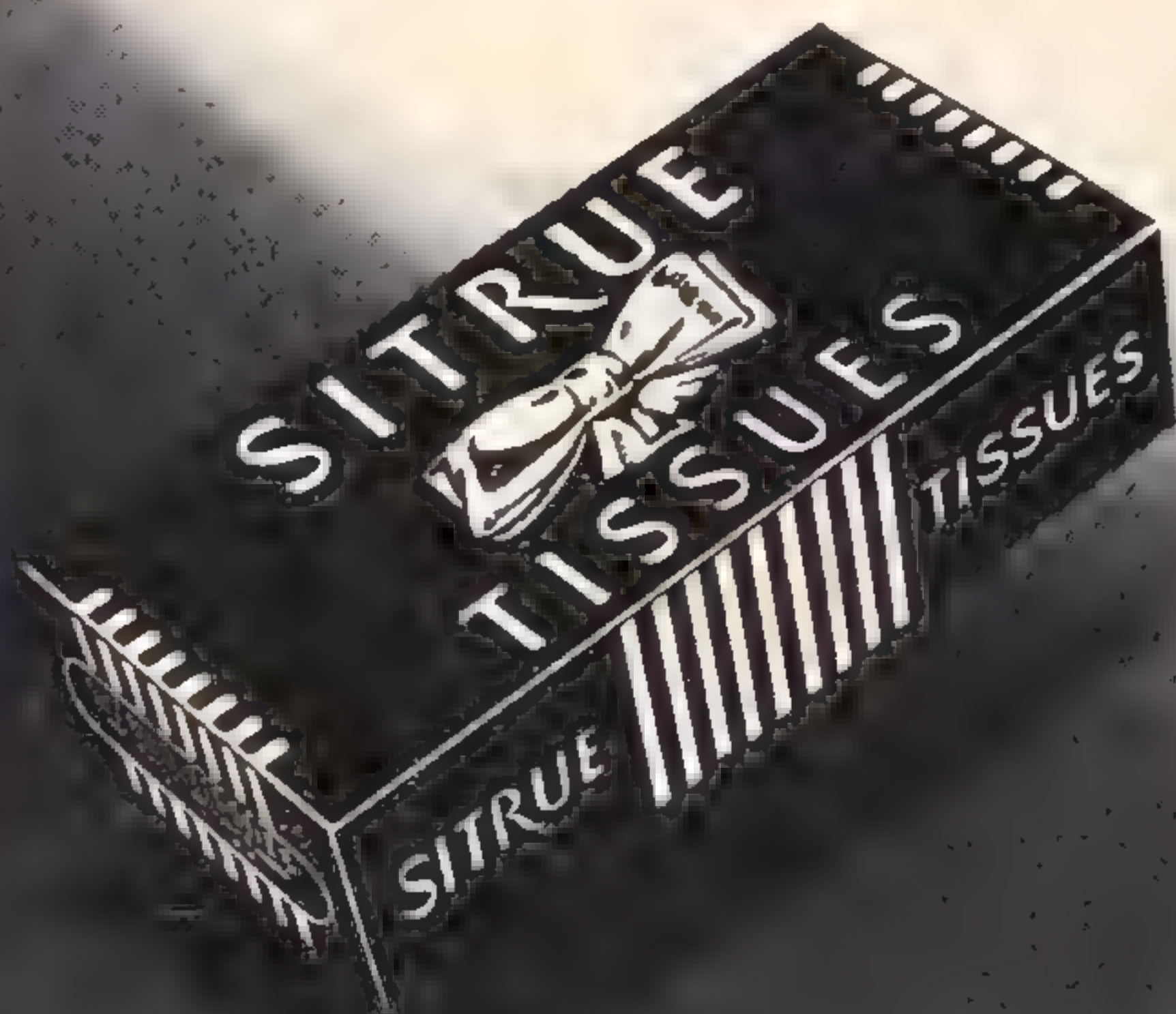
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Countess Dorothy Di Frasso were two of his most publicized flames before his marriage.

He fell for Rocky and fell hard after he and the Countess parted, but he had been so long a confirmed bachelor that everyone was surprised when he and the social Miss Balfe took the fateful step those many years ago.

As the years went by, the Coopers proved how wrong those people were who thought they could not balance their seemingly separate worlds.

I think Rocky honestly made every effort to adjust herself to Gary's way of life. She went hunting with him—and fishing—and just loafing. They bought a Ski Lodge at Aspen, Colorado, where they spent their vacations—and always their adored daughter was along with them. They have even taken her out of school from time to time to accompany them because they could not bear to be separated from her.

Gary said at that time, "We never want to go away without Maria. She goes in for all the sports we do—that is, all except horseback riding. I don't want Maria to ride—that's too dangerous, too many accidents could happen. Horses are not dependable."

That was a surprise coming from our Westerner who is such a fine horseman himself! But that's a father for you where an adored daughter is concerned.

YES, Rocky not only tried to adapt herself to Gary's way of life, she learned to love it. And, in truth, it must be said that he went all out to please her and to know and like her friends.

Their Beverly Hills home is typical of the changes Rocky made in Big Coop's way of living.

I remember attending a party at their home soon after they were married and I couldn't help but contrast their house with the one Gary had "batched" in by himself before he met Rocky. Then there had been "trappings" all over the walls, zebra skins, lion and buffalo heads, tiger skins on the floors. Most of these were relics of the safari he had made with Dorothy Di Frasso through Africa.

(After Dorothy became annoyed with Gary she had a few thousand harsh words to say about him—among them was that he didn't know how to dress until she took him to Bond Street, in London, to buy his shirts and other clothes. Well, whether Gary had a gentleman's wardrobe or just the cowboy rigs he wore when he first came to Hollywood from Montana, the man is there. And that's the important thing).

However, Rocky was not long in making short work of the lions, zebras and tigers. Gone forever were those trophies of his adventurous bachelor days.

His "expeditions" became much closer to home and to the conventional. Summers

the Coopers usually spent with her relatives in the Southampton set. I'm not sure that this particularly appealed to him—but I am sure that Gary wanted to do everything that would make his wife happy—just as she had been anxious to share his kind of life.

All married couples have moments when it seems that life together has gone stale—that freedom would be very precious. It happens to the happiest of married people.

But Rocky is very determined—and I doubt very much if she would ever do what Betty Montgomery did in giving Bob his freedom after twenty-two years.

Betty had said to me over the telephone when I talked to her in Las Vegas, "I hung on as long as I could—but there is nothing else for me to do. After all, the important thing is for Bob to be happy."

"How about you being unhappy?" I felt like saying—but didn't.

Sometimes I think it's this restless, unsettled, unsure time we're living in that's responsible for so much marriage dissension and trouble. Before we began living (and loving) under the shadow of A-bombs, mature couples fought through their difficulties—but seldom thought of separating.

Now, there seems to be a feeling that "Life is short—love is fleeting. Let us have Today—and forget Tomorrow."

And so, sane, mature and even balanced people rush to the divorce courts hoping there to find solace for their driving restlessness.

Well, there's far too much of it—and that's the way Mrs. Gary Cooper feels. She thinks there is nothing in the world important enough to cause two people who have shared so much and found complete happiness together to resort to a divorce.

"It's against all I believe and all I have been taught," she says—and do I admire her for sticking to her principles!

Of course, in any rift, no one person is entirely responsible for the break-up. We cannot say it was Gary who grew restless—or that Rocky failed him somewhere along the line.

Rather, let us say the fault was on both sides—and I sincerely believe the reconciliation, when it comes, will be because both want it.

These are not silly children playing at marriage, picking up their toys and calling everything off with every quarrel.

No, Gary and Rocky are grown-up people who, for sixteen years, have known what real happiness is.

I hope by the time this is in print they will have made up. I don't know, of course. But I do believe they have a tie stronger than themselves, stronger than any temporary thing which may seem important now—and that is Maria, their only child.

THE END

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These Enchanted People

(Continued from page 41) Hollywood June Allyson is one of these enchanted. Lucky, we call such people sometimes. But their good fortune, being more consistent than luck ever is, must be assumed to spring from certain qualities which they possess.

June is married to Dick Powell, one of the richest men in Hollywood. She has her new little son and her adopted daughter, Pamela. And her career is riding high.

June was no great shakes when she started in show business. The first night she was in a chorus line on Broadway she was so inept that she danced forward instead of backward—to find herself alone upstage and outside of the curtain. This, however, did not throw her into a tizzy. Grinning at her audience she continued dancing until she maneuvered herself off stage, sweet applause ringing in her ears. June's like that. She lets people in on her mistakes as well as her dreams. So they go along with her. Not that June is all sweetness and light. She wouldn't be where she is if she were. She's stubborn. And beneath her little-girl smile and pout is man-sized grit and determination.

However, she controls herself, never makes the mistake of delivering ultimatums, having tantrums or defying people. If something happens on the set that she doesn't like she walks, very softly, to her dressing room. And there she stays—until she gets her way.

A few years ago, Metro wanted June to play the role in "Green Dolphin Street" that Donna Reed finally played. June shook her head. This was Lana Turner's picture and she knew it. So the Metro bosses called a big meeting and described for June the dramatic scene she would play. They told her how she would climb up the side of the cliff with her bare hands in order to escape the tide and how, finally, she would come out in the convent.

"And what," June asked, "will Lana be doing all that time?" Then she grinned like a little pixie and left them—feeling rather foolish, I should think.

She may look and act little girlie but June has more know-how than many who appear far more worldly and sophisticated—Greer Garson, for instance.

GREER is insecure. The die of her insecurity was cast when, an only child, she grew up among older people. Unaccustomed to children, she was self-conscious when she was with them and felt a need to show off; to hang by her heels, to tell tall tales. They didn't like her. And so Greer acquired a lack of confidence in her ability to get on with people that still plagues her. Her nervousness at parties, for instance, causes her to talk too much. Sometimes, to cover her insecurity she adopts a manner of condescending graciousness. And she never will make an appearance until she feels that she looks her very best—even if she keeps people waiting an hour or more.

She is far, far from being as much at ease as June. And so, of course, her way is far, far less enchanted.

Perhaps Greer's marriage to Buddy Fogelson, a healthy, out-giving male, will help her. She adores him. With him, true to her instinctive femininity, she's completely a wife. Recently, when she and Buddy went to Chicago by train, he suggested lunch in the diner, Greer, who tells this story on herself, demurred. "I've never eaten in a public dining car . . ." It was, Buddy said, high time she did. So she did. And had a wonderful time.

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his vulnerability. Most young people who come to Hollywood pretend a little. Not Tony. He was, he tells you, Bernie Schwartz of the Bronx. And one day, when he was playing in the street in front of his father's tailor shop, a long black limousine drove by slowly because the street was so narrow and crowded. Recognizing the beautiful woman in the back seat, Tony ran after the car and, pounding on the window, demanded Joan Crawford's autograph. She gave it to him so graciously, he adored her more than ever.

When Joan heard this story recently she asked Tony to visit in her dressing room. During most of the visit he was tongue-tied. He still has no social graces, no flair. But he soon will have.

For in Tony's life now there is Janet Leigh. What could be more wonderful? For Janet is beautiful and happy enough to warm the cockles of any man's heart. And, young as she is, she's been around enough to have acquired the very knowledge for which Tony now hungers. She knows this and, loving him, is prepared to take him by the hand figuratively as well as literally.

You could say it was Tony's luck that brought Janet into his life. But think about it and you'll know, as I do, that it was his warmth and his willingness to expose his inadequacies that charmed her—as these qualities have charmed others in the past and will again in the future.

YOU do not have to be a Hollywood star with fame and such fortune as is left after taxes to be one of the enchanted. They exist the world over.

Kirk Douglas had a special gift for life even when he was very young and bitterly poor. And it was because his sisters, older than he, knew this that they pooled their earnings to send Kirk to college.

Some people will tell you that Kirk has gotten cocky and egotistical. Which is nonsense. He was always cocky and egotistical. Otherwise no one would ever have heard of him. You don't get what you want unless you believe in your rights to it and dedicate your energies to reaching for it.

Kirk didn't escape his youth, scot-free. Even today, rich, he will charge nothing. He always pays cash. He still isn't easy about money and probably never will be. Also, following his separation from his former wife, he dated one Hollywood beauty after another. He acted pretty silly for a little while. He had to prove to himself again that he had made the grade.

Whatever Kirk does, however, he has the divine ability to stand off, watch himself and grin or groan over his activities with

exactly the same perspective he would have about a friend. And even though he goes after what he wants, hell-bent for election, he doesn't sit, brooding and bitter, if he doesn't get it.

He wanted, desperately, to play *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Stanley Kramer was the producer. It was Stanley who made Kirk a star. But, by the same token, it was Kirk in "Champion" who made Stanley an important producer. Jose Ferrer played *Cyrano*. And when the picture premiered Kirk was there applauding the beautiful job of both the producer and the star.

Kirk has a personal magic that will see him through, no matter what.

Jeanne Crain has too. Once she sets her heart upon anything she acts, simply and calmly, as if it were an accomplished fact. I'm sure she believes it is.

She set her heart upon Paul Brinkman and married him in spite of half a dozen other girls more beautiful and successful and assured. In spite of her mother's disapproval too. Both her mother and her sister thought she was making a mistake to marry a man-about-town with acting ambitions. But Jeanne saw Paul settling down as a business man and a father of sons. And he has.

"Shall I have a baby? Maybe I'd better wait another year, until I'm better established . . ." These are the throes common to stars. But with Jeanne it's simpler; she has a baby when she has a baby. If this costs her a good role, such a role as she lost to Susan Hayward in "I'd Climb the Highest Mountain" when she had her last son, well, she loses it. It never occurs to Jeanne to give up her personal life for her career or vice versa.

Several years ago a masculine star who was working with Jeanne noticed that she spent all her time in her portable dressing-room on the set. She changed there morning and night. She lunched there. "Don't you have any other place to dress and rest?" he asked. "Yes, I do," she said. "But you never use it?" he protested, curious. "No," she said. "I've never stepped inside my regular dressing room and I never will until it is on star row."

Jeanne's dressing room then was in a building where lesser players park their belongings—so it undoubtedly had no place in the story of herself she had written in her mind. Now her dressing room is among the stars—and she uses it.

Few girls, I think, ever have such a quietly happy life as Jeanne. You would think that Gene Tierney, for instance, would have much more confidence and a much better time of it generally. But that isn't so. Gene, a darling and my friend, is not sure of herself. She doesn't know what

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she wants. She has never really found herself. Devoted as Gene is to her husband and her children I think she would be a little frantic if she spent as much time alone with her family on top of a mountain as Jeanne spends with hers. But this makes Jeanne, not Gene, the exception.

In all Hollywood there's no more fearless actor than Humphrey Bogart. Actors are trained to be diplomatic, to say nothing and do nothing even remotely controversial. Usually this is a wise procedure.

But Bogart refuses to abide by it. An actor, he says, should not be muzzled. So, if Bogart has anything to say he says it. And, time and time again, he gets away with the most outlandish things. Because it never occurs to him to worry as to what the reaction will be.

However, Bogie never attacks people who cannot easily protect themselves. He aims at the big shots instead. He's basically kind. And this, I think, contributes in large measure to his personal magic.

His kindness is, I suspect, responsible for the happiness he knows today with Lauren Bacall. One of his customary greetings to old friends on the lot is "Hiya, Creep." He began his association with Lauren by ribbing her. But when he saw that, in spite of her smooth surface, she was painfully insecure, he quit. He was, in fact, the epitome of gentleness toward her until one day when he heard her greet a visitor to the set with "Hiya, Creep!" He shook his head. "Don't try to be a character in too much of a hurry," he warned realistically. For by this time he knew Lauren had gained enough confidence to take criticism. And, in love with her, he didn't want her to outdistance herself. He's direct and unafraid; probably was born that way. So he owns his career. It does 't own him.

The other evening the Screen Publicists gave their Panhandle Dinner. Jane Russell in a skintight gold mesh gown evoked long-drawn-out whistles.

"I know," she laughed. "A press agent's dream come true, this dress."

She sang "Look What They've Done to Me" in which one of the lines proclaims they've put her in pictures her mother won't let her see. And she put it over the way she always puts over a song—like nobody else. Because, besides having a voice and having learned how to use it, she has great zest and a marvellous sense of humor.

Now all of this isn't exactly compatible with religion as we, unfortunately, think of it. Jane, however, is one of the most sincerely religious human beings I ever have known. Ask her anything about the Bible and she can name chapter and verse.

Recently she asked to pray with a formerly important producer who now is an alcoholic and out of a job. When Betty Hutton, separated from Ted Briskin, was wretchedly unhappy, she tried to help Betty too. "I think our Monday night meetings would be of some comfort to her," she told a mutual friend. "They comfort me, I know. Usually there are twenty or thirty of us and we invite ministers from different denominations to address us."

There is nothing dour about Jane's religion. It's such a vital, happy thing, as I'm sure God meant it to be. And because of it Jane, with her imperturbability to most things, is one of the happiest—and so most enchanted—people I have ever met anywhere.

June Allyson, Tony Curtis, Kirk Douglas, Jeanne Crain, Humphrey Bogart, Jane Russell—they all have such "life insurance" cannot be bought... a quality or combination of qualities that makes them enchanted people indeed.

THE END

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(Continued from page 59) Windsor. The conversation went something like this:

"Hi, Marie. Well I'm in, and it's dreamy, even though it has hardly any furniture. I'm asking some of the gang over Tuesday to spend the day and have a picnic lunch. It's my first party. I would love to have you come and how about bringing your sewing machine. It will be so much more fun if we all do something, not just sit and yak."

Marie thought it was a wonderful idea. And so did all of the others—Nancy Davis, Barbara Hale, Betty Garrett, Barbara Fuller, Gretchen Adamson and Gloria Silvers.

It was for all the world like an old-fashioned sewing bee. Nancy arrived with a gift, a lovely original oil painting—and ideas galore. Marie, who has her license as an interior decorator, brought her portable sewing machine and before the day was done, so were the curtains for the back porch. Gretchen gave Audrey a charming antique lamp base and helped make guest towels. Barbara, a terrific cook, helping with the lunch, whipped up a tasty dish of chili and an egg ring salad. Gloria (Mrs. Sid) Silvers brought chintz ruffles which she had made for Audrey's bedroom windows and these she put up with thumbtacks. She's also making the unbleached muslin Dutch curtains to replace the Venetian blinds. Gloria, Gretchen and Audrey were friends on the stage together.

FROM the "comfortable" corner (the davenport) came much discussion and comparison of notes between the two prospective mothers—Barbara Hale and Betty Garrett—as they busily worked cross-stitch on kitchen towels. "I'd just as soon it would be twins, really," admitted Barbara. "I want four anyway, and to accomplish twice as much at one time, I think would be simply wonderful. And little Jody (her three-year-old) would be twice as happy!" Betty admitted that she would welcome a double surprise for the same reasons.

The fact that there was practically no furniture—that the living room was bare except for a piano and davenport—didn't trouble Audrey or her guests. When lunch time came, Audrey set a cloth on the floor and produced paper plates. Her menu consisted of chili-dogs (hot dogs which she toasted in the fireplace, each in a bun topped with chili and raw onions), and an egg ring salad with shredded lettuce and relishes. For dessert there were small iced cakes and coffee.

Nancy Davis, one of Audrey's closest friends, has many talents; she's practical as well as artistic. When she discovered that Audrey's throw rug just fitted the den floor but was the wrong color, she took it home, dumped it in her washing machine with some dye and presto—changed it from a light beige to a Cardinal red. She insists it was no trick at all—and not a bit messy; that she mixed the dye in a separate container and poured it in the machine on the wet rug that had been washed and rinsed and was still sopping. It certainly looked professional.

Marie Windsor showed Audrey the professional way of visualizing the space that furniture will take in a room. She cut

newspapers to the size that a table, chairs and a buffet would be, laid them on the floor and walked around them to be sure there would be plenty of space.

Barbara Hale offered to do a mural on the dining room wall—after the arrival of her second blessed event in late February. Barbara, after all, once planned to have a career as an artist and studied at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts.

In fact, by the time the afternoon was over, even though there was enough talk to make ten scripts—a lot had been accomplished. Gossip was not neglected, but towels were hemmed, curtains made, furniture "spotted" and three more inches crocheted on a wool rug. Audrey hopes that the rug will be for the living room—which is a large order, but then, Audrey has many friends to work on it.

Here are the recipes for the food served at the party:

MOLDED EGG AND CHEESE SALAD (Makes 8 to 12 servings)

Hard cook: 4 eggs
Remove shells, separate whites from yolks and chop each separately.
Place in bowl: 1 package lemon gelatin
Heat to boiling: 1 cup water
Pour over gelatin and stir until dissolved.
Add: 1 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
Oil lightly a 9-inch ring mold. Arrange chopped egg yolk around inside bottom edge and white around outer edge. If desired, place strips of *pimiento* at outside edge of egg white. Pour over this 1/2 cup of gelatin mixture. Pack down firmly and place in refrigerator 30 minutes or until firm.
Combine remaining gelatin with:
3 (8 oz.) containers creamed cottage cheese
1/4 cup minced onion
1/2 cup mayonnaise

Pour over egg mixture in mold and chill 3 hours or until firm. Unmold. Fill center with shredded lettuce tossed with French dressing. Garnish with olives, radish roses.

CHILI DOGS (Makes 8 servings)

Heat in skillet: 2 teaspoons fat
Add: 1/4 cup minced onion
1 tablespoon chopped green pepper
Cook over moderate heat, stirring constantly, 5 minutes, or until onion is just tender.
Add: 1 (no. 2) can tomatoes, drained
1/2 cup chili sauce
1/2 teaspoon chili powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
few grains pepper

Cover and cook over moderately low heat 1 hour. Fifteen minutes before chili is done, light the broiler. Split and butter 8 frankfurter rolls. Place in oven to heat. Five minutes before chili is ready, grease 8 frankfurters.

Cook under broiler until well browned and slightly puffed on both sides. Serve on buttered rolls with 2 to 3 tablespoons of hot chili mixture.

Audrey Totter is in "Under the Gun," Nancy Davis in "People in Love," Barbara Hale in "Emergency Wedding," Marie Windsor in "Double Deal."

THE END

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Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 24)

✓✓ (F) Lights Out (U-I)

ARTHUR KENNEDY, whom the late George M. Cohan once called "the most brilliant young actor on Broadway," is the star of this warm, glowing film which tells the story of the physical and mental rehabilitation of a blinded war veteran. Arthur gives a magnificent performance as the young Southern sergeant blinded by a sniper's bullet during the Tunisian campaign. He is sent to the U. S. Hospital for blinded veterans at Valley Forge where he eventually becomes a cheerful, useful citizen. But not until he has tried to slash his wrists, and not until he has had a frightening visit with his wealthy fiancée (Betty Adams), his family and friends in Seminola, Florida. Peggy Dow is especially good as the USO worker who falls in love with him. Jim Backus plays Peggy's helpful brother-in-law, and Nana Bryant and Will Geer are Arthur's parents. James Edwards plays a blinded patient who becomes Arthur's friend.

Your Reviewer Says: Even better than "The Men."

Program Notes: Arthur Kennedy wore a special pair of dyed contact lenses during rehearsals and actual shooting. The lenses, fitted over the corneas of the eyes, made Arthur completely blind. Young Howard Burton, a veteran who lost the sight of both eyes in the Battle of the Bulge, put Arthur through his initial phases of simulated blindness . . . The company spent a one-month location period at the U. S. Army Hospital in Valley Forge. Director Mark Robson discovered that the town of Phoenixville, near Valley Forge, was full of "actors" who wanted small parts in the picture. It seems that at various times these "actors" had portrayed George Washington in the numerous pageants held in the Valley Forge area. "I've got fifty George Washingtons in the picture," said Robson, "how can I lose!" . . . Arthur Kennedy lives, sleeps and breathes acting. When he graduated from Carnegie Tech's drama school he played county fairs, later played New York in Maurice Evans's company. When he isn't in Hollywood making pictures Arthur lives in Westport, Connecticut, with his wife, the former Mary Cheffey, and their two children . . . Peggy Dow was born in Columbia, Mississippi, went to school in Covington, Louisiana. Before she got a Hollywood job, via television, she worked as a model at Marshall Field's in Chicago.

✓✓ (F) Grounds for Marriage
(M-G-M)

KATHRYN GRAYSON and Van Johnson are the stars of this romantic group. Kathryn, a temperamental diva once married to Van, returns from a European tour with a sore throat. Van, a New York doctor who loves football, the Charleston and the oboe, has gotten himself engaged to Paula Raymond, who is definitely not amused by Kathryn's throat trouble. Van sets about curing his former bride's laryngitis, and naturally a reconciliation follows. Barry Sullivan has a small but amusing part as Van's eccentric brother who has toys and women for his hobbies. Reginald Owen plays the manager of the Metropolitan. Kathryn sings several operatic numbers, as well as a popular Rodgers and Hart tune, "Wait Till You See Her."

Your Reviewer Says: Zany comedy.

Program Notes: During production Kathryn's little daughter Patti-Kate celebrated

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her second birthday and had twelve little
cousins sing "Happy Birthday" to her around
a cake. It was shortly after this picture was
finished that Kathryn announced her sep-
aration from Johnny Johnston... Van
Johnson has always claimed that one of
his ambitions was to lead a parade. Right
before this picture started he led a parade—
at the Apple Festival in Virginia.

✓✓ 1/2 (F) The Mudlark (20th Century-Fox)

THERE has long been a legend that a
Thames river waif, known in England
as a mudlark, once called upon the aging
Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle, sat on
the throne of England, and caused the
passage of much needed child welfare re-
form bills. Adapted from Ted Bonnet's
novel the film, made in England last sum-
mer, has charm, appeal and authentic
period settings. Irene Dunne, the only
American in the cast, plays plumpish Vic-
toria, secluded in her castle, mourning her
Prince Albert. Alec Guinness is simply
superb as the Prime Minister Disraeli. An-
drew Ray gives a heart-tugging perform-
ance as the little mudlark, and has a Cock-
ney accent that's sheer pleasure. Finlay
Currie plays the Queen's faithful retainer,
Constance Smith, a castle servant, and
Beatrice Campbell, a lady-in-waiting.

Your Reviewer Says: Appealing.

Program Notes: Irene Dunne's make-up,
with its cosmetic latex jowls and chin piece,
creates a startlingly realistic effect. It took
three hours to apply... Irene's favorite
story concerns the day Lord and Lady Caris-
brooke—he's the grandson of Queen Vic-
toria—visited her on the set when it was a
re-creation of Victoria's boudoir at Windsor.
So faithful was the duplication that when
Lord Carisbrooke saw it he was too over-
come to speak. Later he invited her to tea,
and there she met King George and Queen
Elizabeth. They were completely informal
and charming, says Irene, and full of ques-
tions. She says the Queen is much prettier
than her pictures, and the King one of the
best groomed men in the world. When it
was time for them to leave, the King loitered
a bit and kept saying to the Queen in typical
husbandly fashion, "I'm coming, my dear,
I'm coming"... After they saw the rushes of
"The Mudlark" the studio brass promptly
signed Constance Smith to a Hollywood
contract. Connie is twenty-one, Irish born,
and convent-schooled. "Being Irish," she
says, "is nothing. But being Irish and having
a name like Smith—that's something! If they
want me to change it they can lump it." At
Christmas time she flew to Dublin to
marry John Boulting.

✓✓ 1/2 (F) For Heaven's Sake (20th Century-Fox)

CAN you imagine Clifton Webb, the effete
sophisticate, playing an angel? In this
bubbling comedy our boy plays a some-
what worldly angel named Charles, who
is sent to earth chaperoned by wise old
angel Edmund Gwenn. It's their job to
see that Gigi Perreau gets born to an ego-
tistical theatrical couple (Joan Bennett
and Robert Cummings) who are so in-
volved with their petty moods and prob-
lems that they have no time for children.
Clifton tangles with shapely playwright
Joan Blondell, wins ten grand from Texan
show backer Harry Von Zell, and is living
high and handsome until along comes the
Bureau of Internal Revenue. Jack La Rue
does a marvelous take-off of a Hollywood
gangster. When comedians Webb and
Blondell swing into romantic action there's
comedy at its most professional best.

Your Reviewer Says: Good fun.

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by VALDA SHERMAN

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Program Notes: As an angel Clifton Webb had to learn the harp. When the plot called for him to materialize as a rancher, poor Clifton, who has never cared particularly for the great open spaces, had to learn to roll cigarettes, ride mustangs and deliver haymakers . . . Edmund Gwenn has been an actor for fifty years. Despite his arthritis, he has made four pictures in 1950 . . . After four years as a housewife, Joan Blondell returned to the screen last summer to play the flip sexy writer, described as "a good looking, smart girl who immediately gives one the feeling she has not spent her life in Pasadena." Joan divorced New York producer Mike Todd last May and is now ready to return to her career. "I never want to see a dust rag again," she said.

✓✓ (F) The Company She Keeps (RKO)

LIZABETH SCOTT, Jane Greer and Dennis O'Keefe are the stars of this drama which deals with life after prison, and the rehabilitation of a parolee. Elizabeth plays a hard-working parole officer whose job it is to see that Jane Greer, a pretty parolee, sticks to the straight and narrow. Newspaper guy Dennis O'Keefe, engaged to Elizabeth, dates Jane and they fall in love. Elizabeth goes noble, and Jane goes back to jail when she figures that Liz has double-crossed her through jealousy.

Your Reviewer Says: One jump ahead of soap opera.

Program Notes: During production Liz Scott was dating Mort Hall, radio executive, who recently married Ruth Roman. The prop men played a gag on Liz that got a beautiful "double take." In one scene she was required to thumb through a card file containing photos of female criminals—every "criminal" was a photo of Liz! . . . Jane Greer, wife of millionaire Ed Lasker, has two handsome young sons and lives in the same house in Brentwood where Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles once honeymooned. A model in Washington, she was brought to Hollywood by Howard Hughes. She bought off her contract and signed with RKO. Shortly after, Howard Hughes bought RKO. She feels there's a moral there somewhere.

✓✓ (F) The Flying Missile (Columbia)

PHOTOGRAPHED at the Naval Air Missile Center at Point Magu, California, this technical melodrama has an authentic and colorful background. Glenn Ford plays a submarine commander who believes that if submarines were equipped with deck launching platforms to loose the Navy's new guided missiles, the combination would be unbeatable. Stymied by red tape, Glenn proceeds to swipe the material needed to build the launching device. When his pal Joe Sawyer is killed during the test and Glenn crippled, he glumly leaves the service. But his girl Viveca Lindfors and Admiral Henry O'Neill shame him into ridding himself of his braces and his mental block about the Navy.

Your Reviewer Says: Should be popular with males of all ages.

Program Notes: While on location, Glenn Ford slipped down to Tia Juana and made a bundle on a jai alai game. He did not tell wife Eleanor Powell. But she heard about it in a beauty shop, so she bought a fancy new sink for the house they're redecorating. "We can't afford that," said Glenn. "Yes, we can," said Eleanor, "with your gambling money. Hand it over" . . . Viveca Lindfors left for Sweden after this film. When she returned she took her American citizenship oath.

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What Ails Me

(Continued from page 45) I am not more temperamental. I'm less so, for a reason I'll explain.

Nine years ago, I was a punk kid in a North Hollywood high school and I had just one dream: To get into movies.

I'd never been out of the state of California. I'd never seen anything. I was an only child, living with my father and mother.

Well, as you know, I did get into movies. My dream came true, and I'll be forever grateful to Samuel Goldwyn, who gave me my great opportunity and who still has me under contract.

But, since that day in 1942, I've grown out of my teens into my mid-twenties. I've had a two years' overseas stretch in the Navy. Folks like you readers of Photoplay have changed me from a "promising juvenile" in "North Star," and made me a star in fact in "They Live by Night," which incidentally is my own favorite among my pictures, and "Roseanna McCoy" and "Our Very Own." (You'll notice I'm leaving out "Edge of Doom" but I'll come back to that for a special reason later.)

THIS spring, all alone, wearing nothing much but jeans, a "T" shirt and loafers, I spent four months prowling France, England, Austria, Germany and Italy. In other words, I've now been so many places and seen such wondrous things that I want to go to more places and see more wondrous things. I've sat on walls that were built 2,000 years before Christ was born and I've stood in a great outdoor plaza which Napoleon said was the most beautiful drawing room in the world.

A year ago, I was pretty proud about knowing a little bit about modern art. This past June, in Venice, I learned how little I knew about it, from a ten-year-old bare-foot kid. When I got out of high school, and lots of times since, I've regarded myself as a pretty generous Joe. That got knocked in the head in London last May when two little girls contributed their sugar ration for weeks to me so that I could take a box of chocolates as a present to George Coulouris's children.

My conception of my "ideal girl" keeps changing, and therefore my dreams of what would make a perfect marriage have changed, too.

As for my work, I love it more than I ever did, which means it utterly absorbs me, yet the ironic part of it is that I want to approach it more simply than I ever have. My feeling about the parts I now want to play is totally different from what it was two or three years ago. It is linked up somehow with the way I wish to live. Once I wanted to live like a millionaire. Even last year I wanted to live "very modern." I don't want either of those approaches now.

So, what about these reports of my fighting with Sam Goldwyn, not seeing so much of Shelley, and all the rest of it?

To begin with my Goldwyn squabble—because my going to Europe came out of that, and my change of feminine specifications, and even my approach to my acting came about because I did refuse to do one certain picture last spring. It wasn't Mr. Goldwyn's own picture, though he had the right to loan me out for it. I went on what Hollywood calls "suspension" rather than play it. That means I lost my salary—and Mr. Goldwyn lost what he'd have been paid for me. I felt that was an even enough trade. I honestly believe I will be more valuable to him, in the long run, if I don't appear in pictures which I think will be disappointing to you people who have liked me. I believed this picture would be disappointing and so I went

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away. The cries that I was "ungrateful" to my boss followed me straight across the Atlantic.

That's simply not so. I am grateful, tremendously so. He's been like a father to me—but I want to point this out. I love my real parents devotedly. Just the same, I don't still live with them and I don't obediently follow their every rule. I am an adult now and I want to act like one, even make my own mistakes, if need be.

So, maybe I made a mistake turning down that picture—but I don't think I did. Defying my boss took the same kind of nerve it would for you to defy yours. He couldn't fire me, that's true, but he sure could keep me from working for anyone else—and with an actor, where youth is like money in the bank, that's murder. Because, he could—and still can, you see, keep me from even working for him!

But I wasn't abdicating my position, when after my trip to Europe, I came back and let him loan me to Alfred Hitchcock for "Strangers on a Train" at Warner Bros. I had a great time when I worked for Hitchcock before in "Rope." I knew what a lot I could learn, working for that great director again. And there was more to it than that. I play a healthy, happy young tennis-playing character in "Strangers on a Train"—but that's getting ahead of my story if I tell now why that fact delights me.

LET me tell you first about that kid in Venice and about the two little girls in London.

Those girls recognized me as Farley Granger but the kid in Venice only knew me as an American—and the way he arrived at that, was by my blue jeans. He was only ten, but he was already a working man, a sort of assistant gondolier on the Grand Canal.

He came racing toward me, yelling, "Dungarees, dungarees," pointing first to my jeans, then to the beat-up pair cut off at the knees which he was wearing. It seems he'd got his from our Army when our G.I.'s were quartered in Italy years ago and apparently they were still his "best clothes" and he was very proud of them. He'd learned pidgin English from the G.I.'s, too, and when I told him I wanted to go to see some very special modern paintings I'd heard about in Venice he knew just where to take me—and did. Only he didn't stop there, as I had originally meant to stop. He said, in his broken English, "But you have to see the Titians, the Raphaels, the Michelangelos" and I think he would have collapsed of disappointment, if I hadn't agreed to go along.

Now you may think that he was just making a big noise like a guide, and watching out for a tip, and that is true. But because he did open up my eyes to art treasures I would never have thought about, I stayed several more days in Venice than I expected and I saw how much a part of their everyday life paintings and tapestry and all kinds of antique beauty are to the Italian people.

Most of them are desperately poor. To have enough to eat is a big adventure. To



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take a hot bath is something they plan for days before and talk about for days afterward. In other words, they get the greatest happiness out of things we take for granted. They made me mighty humble. Money, sure as blazes, got me that trip to Italy, but I saw the G.I.'s over there, who had stayed there and become civilians. They were painting, writing, whatever it was, and they were having a great time. It gave me an insight that I needed as to what you can get without money—the wonderful values you can have almost for free, if you only know enough to appreciate them. The Italians made me appreciate them.

But in England I found out that neither money nor appreciation nor "your name" will get you a thing if you haven't got the coupons, which is where the two little girls came in.

They tagged me down the street as I came out of my hotel. They were fans just like the fans here at home, except they were much shyer, but finally they came up and asked me for an autograph and, while I was writing it, I asked them if they knew where there was a candy store. I found out they did know about George Coulouris, the actor, and I explained I was going down to the country to visit him and his wife and I wanted to take his kids some candy as a present.

"But you can't get candy," they said. "You haven't any coupons."

Well, it was Sunday. The toy shops were closed, and I figured I'd have to dispense with a gift. The girls asked me where I was then going. I told them I was headed for the Tate Gallery and they asked if they might meet me there a little later. When I said yes, they went running off.

An hour later, when I left the Gallery, there they were, with a pound box of what

they call "sweets." "Would you take it?" they asked. "It isn't much, but we pooled our coupons and we could get this amount." All I could think of at that moment were the scores of Hollywood parties I've attended, where the buffet stretches through a whole garden, displaying turkeys, hams, and every other kind of food, often untouched.

DON'T misunderstand me. You only have to return from Europe to know ours is the greatest country in the world—but I had only to return to Hollywood to realize, too, that maybe we work too hard for what we want, work so hard that we don't have time to enjoy it.

I was in Paris, for instance, on July first when some sort of what they call a "gala" was going on. Since July first is my birthday, I preferred to think it was for me—which, of course, it was not—and I stood by the Seine, that river of Paris, and watched a big display that was going on in a barge there on the river. People were all done up in flowers and a band was playing—and the barge was slowly sinking. Since nobody was in any danger, it was pretty hysterical, watching that water creep up, the people beginning to scramble off, the band ceasing to play. If we Americans have "know-how" this was plainly an occasion when these French had "don't know-how"—and everybody's laughter could be heard for blocks.

I was traveling alone, but I kept running into people I knew and they kept introducing me to girls, and that was great. They weren't as pretty as Hollywood girls and not nearly as hep. But they had more dignity, they had more culture, they all could cook like dreams, and the combination, in some mysterious way, made them more feminine.

When I got back home I realized how

all the young actresses I know are continually "at" their careers. I can't blame them a bit because I know I am continually "at" my own career. Yet I wondered if the girls, especially, weren't wrong, aren't losing something precious to them. For the first time I knew that a guy with them didn't feel terribly protective, or even terribly conquering. You knew those girls would be able to manage anything, conquer anything.

Which brings me finally to the different kind of roles I want and to "Edge of Doom." "Edge of Doom" was an off-beat picture, but I always wanted to do it. I thought that fellow was an interesting character, rather gloomy admittedly, probably neurotic, but interesting.

Well, now that I've seen Europe's suffering, now that I've seen the need to grab the tiniest bits of happiness, to live in the immediate present, I know I want to play happy people in the future, in happy situations. I want to be part of a real love story—and now, honestly, I'd rather send people away from a theater smiling or laughing than I would deeply thinking or weeping. Which is exactly why I like "Strangers on a Train"—I'm just an average fellow in that.

And I don't think any part of this is being temperamental. I think it's like my giving up my extremely "modern" apartment when I came back and my very modern furniture and an address on a slick, smooth modern street, for a small, quite old house up in the hills that bears upon it the visible marks of people having lived happily there for years. It isn't "fashionable." It will never be "amusing." But it's solid, and comfortable and quiet. It's for me—right now at least.

You see, I think all that ails me is that I've finally grown up.

THE END

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